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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

MOROCCO continues to rack the nerves of Europe. On Saturday last the German counter-proposals were received at the French Foreign Office, and were followed by an official statement by the French Government that they raised "questions of principle," and "would require serious and minute examination." On Thursday the French reply was despatched. The "Temps" anticipated the delivery of the German proposals by a long criticism of them in its issue of Saturday. The effect of the official statement was, therefore, discounted in advance. But, with a few bright intervals, the general tone of the Press has been gloomier than last week. There are persistent rumors of war preparations. All long leave has been stopped at home stations in the British Army; German reservists abroad have received notices to hold themselves in readiness to rejoin their regiments; and in Belgium the men of the 1909 contingent, whose term should have expired on Thursday, have been retained with the colors. These precautions may be officious merely, and none of them by itself need mean very much, but their cumulative effect is disturbing. There was a bad panic on the Berlin Bourse just before the German proposals were delivered, and there have been several runs on the Savings Banks. On the other hand, this popular uneasiness in Germany

has done the country the service of mobilising the forces of peace. By a fortunate coincidence, the Social Democratic Congress is now in session at Jena. On Thursday Herr Bebel made a vigorous onslaught on the Pan-German plans for occupation, adding that German policy had been stiffened by the attitude of British Ministers. The British Government "was bound to take up the standpoint it adopted, but there was no need for it to act as clumsily as it had done." He concluded with a striking description, listened to with a tumult of applause, of the horrors which a European war would bring.

* * *

No official account of the state of negotiations has yet been published, and the uncertainty about the real issues has contributed not a little to popular uneasiness. It would seem that the crux is the nature of the economic guarantees in Morocco. The French newspapers have argued with much ingenuity and persistence that by her last proposals Germany has forfeited her right to be considered the defender of commercial equality. Apparently Germany has asked that the arrangements for joint commercial exploitation of Morocco made under the 1909 Agreement should be perpetuated, and France takes the view that they are inconsistent with the commercial equality and assert for Germany a specially favored position. On the other hand, the Berlin "Lokal-anzeiger" insists that Germany has asked for nothing in which other Powers will not share. The best service that the two Governments could render to overwrought nerves would be to publish an authentic account of the progress that has been made, and of the difficulties still outstanding, which are by comparison trivial and almost technical in character. A resolution passed at the Jena Congress that the Imperial Government should be bound to summon the Reichstag when international differences arise, touches a serious weakness in popular government in all countries of Europe, including our own. In the meantime, as though by way of protest against the Franco-German negotiations for disposing of what belongs to neither, the Moors have delivered an attack on the outposts near Melilla, in which the Spanish lost 18 killed and 67 wounded.

* * *

THE Railway Commission has finished taking evidence from the men's side, and is now engaged with representatives of the companies. Since Friday week three sittings have been taken up with the non-union case, and the Commissioners have been presented with a bewildering variety of opinion on the working of the Conciliation Boards. Some witnesses found most fault with the sectional Boards, others with the central. Some took the view that the system prevailing before 1907 was better for the non-unionists. The Boards, it was contended, besides depriving the men of the chance of direct approach to the directors, had introduced vexatious delays and difficulties of representation, had involved the loss of certain valued privileges, and had provided no remedy against the hardships of speeding-up. Complaints were made as to the impossibility of getting information on matters before the Boards. The familiar criticisms of trade-unionism were repeated by several non-unionists, especially by men of very long service,

but it was noticeable that the tone of the non-union evidence was in general far less hostile to the unions than it would have been a few years ago. An important point was made on behalf of the Railway Clerks' Association, the members of which have the strongest objection to being forced into blackleg manual labor during strikes. The secretary of the Association stated that failure to comply with the demands of the companies in this respect was prejudicial to the position of the railway clerks. The first witness for the companies was Mr. H. A. Walker, representing the London and North-Western, who attacked the proposal of a National Conciliation Board, and declared that the reasons which induced the companies to oppose the recognition of the unions were as strong to-day as in 1907.

SOME of the Unionist Members of Parliament who voted against the payment of members have been attempting to spend their first quarter's salary in a way which will secure the highest return at the polling booths. They affect a fine indignation at the injustice done to taxpayers by enabling a man without independent means to sit in Parliament, and have made an ostentatious display of conscientious scruples. Mr. Arthur Fell set the ball rolling by a letter to the "Times," in which he announced his intention of dividing the money among the hospitals in his constituency, though even this could not wipe out the humiliation he felt at having money forced upon him. Sir Philip Magnus, with a less acute pricking of conscience, urges that members on both sides of the House should combine to return their warrants to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, failing which he advises Unionists "to apply the money to such purposes as they may consider best calculated to displace a despotic Government." Next came Mr. Alfred Bird, who, not to be outdone, offered his share to the Wolverhampton Town Council, thereby giving rise to an amusing debate in that body, which ended in the matter being referred to the General Purposes Committee. Finally Mr. Arthur Lee informed the world that, having entered the game of politics as an "amateur" and not as a "professional," he had returned his draft to the Paymaster-General, who made no bones about cancelling it. Mr. Lee has given no explanation of how he reconciles the acceptance of a salary as Civil Lord of the Admiralty with his "amateur" status. The remembrance of the 1909 Budget will enable the taxpayer whom these gentlemen commiserate to form a proper estimate of their histrionics.

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"A prominent settler shoots a native; questions are asked in the House of Commons, and those who know nothing of the country, and only the bare facts by cable, raise the cry of perverted verdicts. . . . A man who has done splendid work as a settler is sent forth with a stigma upon his name, and the Governor of the colony is left to assuage the bitter feelings aroused as best he can."

There is, we think, no need to do more than reproduce this specimen of the arguments used in defence of the morality of "shooting the native at sight," in order to prove the absolute necessity of direct interference by the Imperial Government. It should, moreover, be noted that in the present case there is no question of the peril to white women.

On Wednesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to a correspondent as to the position of the smaller friendly societies under the National Insurance Bill, reiterated his desire to make the fullest possible use of existing organisations, and pointed out that no body will suffer loss or disadvantage by becoming an approved society under the Bill. With a view to meeting the case of societies unable or unwilling to join an association of societies, he put forward a proposal, which he outlined in the House of Commons on August 4th, by which they would pay to a county or county borough pool one-half of any surplus realised on their management of the State scheme. They would thus retain complete independence of management, and there would be no interference with their existing funds. Mr. George expressed a hope that the smaller societies would consider this scheme during the adjournment, and that in the meantime he would be glad if representatives of the societies would lay their views before him personally before Parliament assemblies. Mr. George's readiness to give the fullest consideration to the claims of all organisations affected by the Bill, and his accessibility to their representatives both in the House and outside it, are, as we said last week, a guarantee that when the measure is passed it will reflect the considered judgment of the country. We are glad to see that the Master of Elibank has made arrangements for a number of meetings to explain the provisions of the Bill. They will be held during the recess in the large industrial centres, and are to be "of an educational and not of a militant character."

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Politics and Affairs.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

By comparison with the extent of their agreement, the differences between France and Germany in Morocco are now narrow enough. The exact area of compensation on the Congo is still unsettled, but if the account of the French offer published this week is authentic, there will be no difficulty about that. All the trouble is over the nature of the economic guarantees in Morocco, and here, unfortunately, the facts are exceedingly obscure. The newspapers of the two countries have been engaged all the week in flatly contradicting each other on the inferences to be drawn from facts which are nowhere clearly stated, and may not be facts at all. The French papers insist that Germany is not demanding commercial equality, but a favored position for herself; the German papers retort that she wants nothing for herself in which others will not share. We should like to think that this is the last international crisis that will be kept up for so long on so meagre a diet of facts. Like Milton's hungry sheep, the people "look up and are not fed," but "swollen with wind and the rank mist" of high politics, spread the "foul contagion" of war-panic. Some day our diplomatists will be taught that they are agents, and the people, who are the true principals in foreign no less than in home affairs, will be treated with equal candor in both. Until then, and in the absence of any reasoned official account of the progress of negotiations, each of us is forced to reconstruct the situation for himself.

The situation we take to be this: France, in return for concessions in the Congo to Germany (preceded by concessions to England in Egypt, and perhaps to be followed by concessions to Spain), is about to obtain the reversion of Morocco, and to become, as regards Europe, the sole representative of the Sultan's powers and duties. These are regulated by the Act of Algeiras. By it the Sultan is assured of his independence, which, by the riders that the negotiators are now proposing to add, will be interpreted as meaning that if he does what France tells him, no one else will interfere. But the Powers attached conditions which France as the reversionary of the Sultan must honor too, and the chief of them is the duty of preserving "economic liberty without inequality." France is prepared to take over his rights, subject to these conditions; over and over again she has asserted her intention of preserving commercial equality: and with that she holds that the matter should rest. "No," says Germany, "that is not enough. The Sultan was nominally independent; but the financiers who have placed themselves under your protection had gained great advantages through the carefully restricted influence which the Algeiras Act gave you. How much greater, then, will be the danger to equality when these restrictions are removed, and you become the sole executor and reversioner of this great estate? How can you be expected to hold the balance evenly between your own economic interests and those of other Powers with which they are certain to conflict? We must have more than a promise; we must have

guarantees." Promise or guarantee—that is the first issue.

The newspaper versions of France's reply to Germany say that she, too, has offered not promises, but "solid guarantees," and if that be so, the differences between the two Powers are removed still further. What the guarantees are, we are not told; but obviously, if they are to differ from mere promises, they must take one of two forms. Either you must legislate beforehand, on the conditions to be observed in all matters affecting trade, or else you must devise some instrument for determining disputed points as they arise. Unfortunately, Germany seems to have preferred the first method, but she had some good reasons for doing so. In the beginning of 1909, France and Germany addressed themselves to this same problem, so far as it could be tackled within the limits of the Algeiras Act, and agreed that the best guarantee of commercial equality was a "consortium," or a pool as they would call it in America. Two examples may be given of the way the arrangement was worked. In 1907 a Morocco Mining Union was formed, in which French capitalists owned 62 per cent. of the shares, Germany 20, and other nations the rest. Immediately after the agreement of 1909, and in furtherance of it, the amount of French capital was reduced to 50 per cent., German remained the same, and an extra margin of 12 per cent. went to other countries. Again, in 1909, the Society of Public Works for Morocco was formed, and, as a result of the fact, France contributed three-sixths of the capital, and six directors out of the twelve, including the chairman; Germany two-sixths and four directors, including the vice-chairman, and England and Spain the rest between them. Germany seems to have preferred that arrangements of this kind should be stereotyped as a guarantee of commercial equality, and France objects that they give undue preference to Germany as compared with other nations. Perhaps; but what about the undue preference to French capital? At any rate, the Franco-German Government did not exclude the capital of other countries, and in one case the result of it was actually to increase their contribution; but is it easy to see how France can argue now that these arrangements give Germany undue preference, seeing that the instrument by which they were made was avowedly designed to protect the principle of commercial equality.

Whether France is right in her contention now or wrong then, is, however, a question of fact, which cannot be settled by quarrelling. But we are profoundly sceptical about these and similar arrangements. The ideal guarantees would be furnished by the formation of an international body, whose duty it would be to see fair play between commercial interests, as the Caisse de la Dette watched over the interests of Egyptian bondholders. But would France accept a solution on these lines? One of her chief arguments against the German proposals is that they are a restriction on her sovereignty in Morocco, and take away with one hand what is given with the other. But all guarantees that are "solid" must limit sovereign rights; and even from France's own point of view there is much to be said for having the necessary restrictions exercised by a

permanent international body in Morocco itself instead of through outside diplomatic pressure.

These, then, as near as we can define them, are the issues. To state them is to demonstrate the craziness of even thinking of settling them by war. But the war-talk persists and the preparations for war; and sad experience has taught us not to rely on the idiocy of war-talk as an insurance against war itself. It is high time that the peace forces were mobilised in this country, as they have been in Germany, for if war were to come the chief fault would lie at our doors. It is we who have complicated this question by introducing the action of the balance of power in Europe. Pray, what has the balance of power to do with the choice between this or that form of guarantee? And our conduct during the negotiations has been the more dangerous, because it has had no visible connection with our material interests. Our only material interest, now that Agadir is out of the way, is that the guarantees should be as solid as they can be made; but from beginning to end this never seems to have entered into the calculations of the Foreign Office. Nor can our action be defended as a friendly duty to France; on the contrary, we are under suspicion of using her to foment our own quarrel. No genuine French interest, sentimental or material, is now at stake. France is assured of a great extension of her North African Empire, and no one stands to lose by the *régime* of commercial equality, except certain groups of capitalists who are no more distinctively French than the Rand capitalists were distinctively English. The parallel between conditions in Morocco now and in South Africa before the war has, indeed, struck many observers, and should put us on our guard. There is in Morocco, as in South Africa, a group of capitalists for whom war is a business proposition; now, as then, there is an influenced sense of national pride and jealousy; in this as in that crisis there are Liberal-sounding tags of phrases to ensnare the unwary. The danger to fear is not in the facts of the dispute, but in the absence of them, not in Morocco but in ourselves; and we cannot be too vigilant.

There is one other reason why a grave view must be taken of the crisis. It is not enough to avoid war; we have to avoid the evil of peace that is only a postponement of war. Great mischief has been done already; as Herr Bebel said this week at Jena, the crisis has scattered to the winds a whole series of pacific ideas and tendencies. "Not disarmament is henceforth to be the order of the day, but increase of armaments both by sea and land; and we are moving towards a situation which, according to my conviction, will not and cannot end otherwise than with a great catastrophe." Bebel is growing old, but his words will come true, unless a younger generation has the energy to falsify them. It is the shallowest of views that thinks that a victory in the diplomatic struggle will end anything; it may be only the beginning of worse. Whether one side or the other gains a temporary victory matters little. What does matter is that the settlement should be such as will secure the basis of enduring peace. It is a rare opportunity for a Liberal Foreign Minister.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THE Cole case in East Africa, following closely on the Lewis case in Rhodesia, suggests some very uncomfortable reflections. The two incidents were in essentials alike. In the one a Kaffir was shot dead by a white man who charged him with making improper proposals to his daughter. In the other a native was shot mortally by a white man, who charged him with stealing his sheep. In both cases the white man was brought to trial; in both cases the facts were freely admitted, and in both cases there was a verdict of acquittal. The points of difference are that in the Lewis case the first jury disagreed, while in the Cole case the Government has intervened, and has ordered the deportation of the offender on the grounds of public policy. Thus it appears that so far as white opinion goes in these two colonies, the native has no rights. We do not speak of political rights, or of any academic question of equality. He does not, in the opinion of white men, as evidenced by the deliberate verdict of juries in the face of admitted facts, enjoy the most elementary of all rights, the right to protection in life and limb at the hands of the law. Any white man who has a grievance against a native may, apparently, take the law into his own hands. He can kill men with impunity, secure in the support of his fellow-countrymen and a jury chosen from among them. The only possible protection for the native lies in the arbitrary action of a distant Government, which can intervene only by setting aside the ordinary machinery of justice, built up by its own citizens through the labor of generations, as a means of securing their own liberties, and now turned into an engine of oppression against a weaker race.

There are two classes of men to whom we would in all seriousness commend the study of these cases. The first consists of our Imperialists, who, if no longer so dominant as of old, are still a powerful force. They tell of the blessings of civilisation which Englishmen carry with them wherever they go. In the mouths of some this talk is cant. They do not mean civilisation, they mean dividends, and little wars, and cheap glory, and fat appointments for unprofitable younger sons. But in the mouths of many it is no cant. They believe in all honesty in the blessings of English civilisation. They believe that it is part of our mission to civilise the black, to impart lessons of justice, freedom, and industry. It is this class to which we would first appeal. We would ask them to consider what is implied in the definite refusal of two juries in two widely separated colonies to convict men of homicide, of which they make no disguise whatever. We would ask them to pursue the matter a little further, and satisfy themselves that these two cases, if exceptional at all, are so only in the naked admission of all the relevant facts, and we would then ask them to consider within themselves what sort of justice, liberty, or civilisation, we are bringing to these races that live not "within the law." If they will seriously weigh these questions, few of them, we believe, will be prepared to throw their weight any longer on the side of adventures which only extend the area of contact between whites and blacks.

The second class to which we would appeal is the

clergy. Missionary zeal has been and is one of the motives which carry the white man into the black man's land. Here, again, the alleged motive is sometimes a mere pretext, but it is not so always. It is not so generally. It would be equally absurd and unfair to doubt the reality of the missionary zeal which has fired many a self-sacrificing career. We do not appeal to the missions to contract their labors, but we would appeal to them to recognise the very grave nature of the responsibility which they have taken upon themselves in furthering the advance of the white man on the territory of the black. They set out to teach the negro a religion of mercy and peace. In so doing, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, they help forward the process of immigration, and finally of absorption, whereby their co-religionists and fellow-countrymen enter upon the black man's territory. They are bound, not only in religion, but in honor, to see that the negro has justice done him. Before preaching further to him, they should surely attempt to convert the whites. They should preach the elements of Christianity to the settlers, or if that is a hopeless task, they should throw their whole weight, both at home and in the Colonies, into the scale of governmental interference on behalf of the colored people.

There is, unhappily, no doubt that in our own time, as the contact with "colored people" has widened, the ethics of dealing with them have retrograded. A couple of generations ago England was in earnest about the suppression of slavery. Slavery is a denial of human rights, but even the slave, in most slave systems, enjoyed some elementary measure of legal protection. The present practice of dispensing with law, granting to the negro no redress against the white, allowing the white full license to kill the negro for any wrong, real or alleged, at his pleasure, is a denial of right as sweeping as any slave system. It may be that there is no British colony in which such atrocities are perpetrated as have stained Angola or the Congo or the United States. But the denial of human right is no less complete. The negro, in the view of the colonists, as reflected in these cases, is apparently an animal who should no doubt be kindly treated as long as he behaves himself, but who may be shot at sight if he bites. This opinion, moreover, is not confined to colonists; it invades the home-country and proclaims itself as the instructed judgment of the men who know by practical experience "how to deal with niggers." British public opinion should pull itself together on this question. We are responsible, directly or indirectly, for many millions of "colored" people. Yet in the self-governing colonies, the sentiment is expressed that the direct action of government cannot be controlled by the judgment formed of men and things in the centre of the Empire. It is to be regretted that Lord Gladstone has not received a more hearty backing in the stand which he made against racial passion in the Umtali case. We trust that in the present instance the approval of Mr. Harcourt's action will be clearly and unanimously expressed. In any case, it is clear that small oligarchies of white men living among a native population, whom they treat as devoid of the simplest rights of humanity, must be

strictly controlled from outside. Self-government in such a case is a name for a merciless racial tyranny.

ANXIOUS FINANCE AND HESITATING TRADE.

THE growing cosmopolitanism of business, the unification of money markets, and the absolute harmony of Stock Exchange movements throughout the world have never been more effectively demonstrated than during the last week or two. The triangular press war between Germany, England, and France, with Austria and Russia occasionally intervening, has gradually got on to the nerves of investors, speculators, and depositors, especially in Germany, where the masses have become suspicious that the dominant class may be aiming at war in the hope of reviving its prestige and perpetuating its ascendancy. In 1832 Francis Place broke the nerve of the Duke of Wellington by placarding London with: "To stop the Duke, go for gold." Possibly there may also have been an organisation behind the runs on German Savings Banks which have been troubling the German Government during the past week. But a fear that these funds might be commandeered for war purposes is a sufficient explanation of large withdrawals by nervous depositors. It was natural that the same fears should be reflected on the Berlin Bourse; for the withdrawal of credits by France has caused sharp liquidation as well as an uncomfortable stringency in the money markets of Germany. German industries are largely owned and financed by banks. In other words, their working capital is borrowed, and a good deal of it, in fact, is loaned by Paris. Hence the withdrawals from Paris have hit industry as well as speculation.

But it would not do to assume that the Paris banks have been acting thus from political motives. There seems to be little doubt, to judge from the high rates current in Paris, that the French also have been hard pressed and have needed ready money in order to meet obligations on some of their new loans. Nevertheless, fear on all sides has produced liquidation, and the sales have been heaviest in Germany. According to trustworthy observers, Monday of last week was the worst day known on the Berlin Bourse since 1900; but Saturday seems to have been blacker even than Monday. The trouble in German industrial securities is indeed largely attributable to the losses caused by the drought, and especially to the failure of the beet and potato crops. But the slump which took place was certainly due to the apprehensions of war, shown by precautionary sales and precautionary withdrawals of deposits. It is at such times that men prefer cash to paper. If things have been at their worst in Berlin, there was also a severe shrinkage of values on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse. Curiously enough, the chief sufferer in our list was the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose shares have been much favored by speculative investors in Berlin. Here, again, we have an apt concrete illustration of the new order—of a financial world so nervously interdependent in all its parts that a mere scare about Morocco brings about

a heavy fall in the market value of a great Canadian railway.

When we turn from finance to trade, we find less evidence of the scare. Manufacturers and merchants may draw in their horns when the war clouds appear on the horizon. They are less inclined to buy ahead, and less inclined to make speculative commitments, or to undertake big contracts. But they do not stop work or pause in the execution of what is already in hand. And so, when we examine our Board of Trade returns for August, we find that the falling-off from August, 1910, though substantial, is amply explained by the strike. In fact, many critics are rather surprised that the reductions were not heavier, considering that in several of the ports, particularly Liverpool and Hull, there were some days of actual stoppage and blockade. The dislocation of railway traffic for two or three days would alone have explained a heavy decline. As a matter of fact, August imports were £1,413,000 lower, and British exports decreased by £2,556,000, of which manufactures accounted for £2,105,000. If we analyse imports, we find an increase of a million and a quarter in the value of food imported, and a rather ominous decrease of £2,216,000 in the imports of raw material. Of this, however, half-a-million is due to cotton, and may be explained partly by the Liverpool strike, partly by the cotton shortage. The drop in rubber, again, of £393,000, is entirely due to the big drop in price. In fact, a greater weight of rubber was imported than in August, 1910. On the whole, we should be inclined to say that trade is wavering. It is not quite so good as in the spring. But if internal and external confidence can be restored—i.e., if our own labor troubles and the Morocco crisis blow over, there is really no reason at all why a good level should not be maintained. In saying this, we are assuming (as it seems now safe to assume) that the American cotton crop will be at least a fair average, and sufficient to supply Lancashire with its raw material at a reasonable price. There are some black spots, notably the failure of a great part of the beet crop in Germany and some other countries of the Continent. In the United States, too, trade is likely to remain depressed owing to a rather bad harvest. There has been damage, moreover, in Canada from frost and rust. The Russian crops will not be nearly as good as last year, but France, Spain, and Italy have done much better, while the English wheat crop is good in quantity, and superlative in quality.

A DISFRANCHISING JUDGMENT.

If the ideal of a latchkey franchise has failed to survive the test of the Revision Courts, we are still, it appears, to have with us the latchkey litigant. Even judge-made law turns out to be as open to a variety of interpretations as if it were law in its first state, crude and unsophisticated, and fresh from the fumbling hands of Parliament. Thus in one court we find a trained lawyer placing the narrowest conceivable construction on the decision in *Kent v. Fittall*. What is exacted by one

hand, he emphatically asserts, may be restored by the other. You cease to vote as an occupier, but you still go to the poll as a lodger. Consequently, it is sheer nonsense to suppose that hundreds of thousands of people are to be disfranchised—650,000 in London alone, according to some estimates—since all that is involved is merely a possible transfer of your name from this to that column of the voters' lists. Contrast with this reassuring gloss the remarkable decision at Newport, by which the judgment of the Court of Appeal is actually extended to the case of persons occupying houses for which the rates are nominally paid by the owner under the well-known system of compounding. In this instance the Revising Barrister was dealing with the case of a man who had occupied the same house for twenty-five years. Formerly he paid rent and rates separately, but during the past four or five years had paid a higher sum in rent, compounding for the payment of his rates through the owner. As a test issue the case might have seemed almost too strong to be typical. Yet the vote was disallowed and with it, as one gathers, some hundreds of others, the Revising Barrister expressly basing his decision on that of the Appeal Court which, as he declared, left him without a choice. And now this decision, too, is to form the subject of an appeal, fraught in turn with fresh potentialities of change and insecurity.

Meanwhile the latchkey voter goes, and goes in his thousands; and if in his departure he is eventually to be joined by the compounding householder, the voting lists, especially in the great industrial centres, must reveal a tale of shrinkage such as might be the sequel to an electoral pestilence. For nobody disputes the magnitude of the change. Even those who plead that it is merely nominal, admit at the same time that hundreds of thousands of ex-electors can only be reinstated by establishing a new and more precarious qualification. And in that obscure pilgrimage how many, we wonder, will fall by the way? In London, as has been noted, as many as 650,000 persons may be affected, and in the process of transferring so vast a multitude from the fixed category of occupying voters to the insecure and fluctuating lodger class, it is inevitable that there should be an unending leakage. Moreover, by the Newport decision over 2,000 voters are directly disfranchised, and it is calculated that in other districts of South Wales the disfranchisement may rise to as high a proportion as 50 or 60 per cent. Presumably most of those on whom the penalty falls are of the mining class. At all events they may be assumed to be of the class for whom a peculiar edification is supposed to lurk in the axiom that in these days of enlightenment democracy's most effective weapon is the vote. And in the widest sense so it is. But weaken the instrument, and the text of its efficiency—never more appealingly, not to say despairingly, expounded than of late—must lose more and yet more of such potency as it may still retain.

To cure those ills and inconveniences a double remedy is suggested, of which one is in the nature of first aid, and the other designed for a final rehabilitation. Humorously enough, the former is based on the theory (let us be honest and call it the fiction) that the over-

seers make it their business to put everybody on the register who ought to be registered, whether on one qualification or another. With this public spirited body at work, so it is urged, the new reading of the law need inflict hardship on nobody, since it is notoriously the affair of the overseers to warn the disqualified of their possible right to a new qualification, and to tender advice concerning the steps to be taken to assert fresh claims. At the best, and even assuming an unusual degree of co-operation—such, we believe, as has existed in London—between the overseers and the party agents, such arrangements might mitigate, but they could not wholly counteract, the anomalies of the existing position. Further, to suggest that the case of the compounding householder should be met, not by a clear readjustment of the law, but by a slight rearrangement of the rating lists throughout the country, is surely to slight the well-attested resources of the judicial mind, to say nothing of such other obstacles as might be expected to spring up in a hundred and one localities. To some extent, the same difficulty, or rather a variation of it, is in process of solution in Scotland; but there the method of solution, as instanced in the House-Letting Bill, is by legislative enactment. Clearly the time is ripe for the application of similar methods, albeit on a broader and more comprehensive principle, to the whole body of anachronisms which survive in our existing franchise laws. All things conspire towards this desirable end. "Let it be before 1912" says one Revising Barrister, candidly avowing his object to be his own greater ease in threading the intricacies of our electoral maze. Yet another of those perplexed functionaries has complained that our franchise laws are not fixed by one statute, as they ought to be, but "by a mass of tangled statutes." To complete the legal or judicial impetus towards reform we have, of course, the decision of the Court of Appeal itself. For nowadays the shortest of all cuts to the legislative goal of Liberalism or Labor would seem to be by way of an adverse judgment in the Courts of Law.

However, it is not so certain in this particular instance that Unionism may not feel the penalty at least half as severely as its rivals. Before the Revision Courts began to apply their diverse interpretations of the judicial oracle, the London agent of the Central Conservative Office had given expression to his, from which it appeared that no sort of doubt then existed in the official Conservative mind that "those who have occupied for the qualifying period offices, business premises, flats, or dwelling-houses which have been separately rated, will, as heretofore, be quite safe even if they have not been personally rated and have not personally paid the rates, always provided, of course, that the rates have been paid." As the event has proved, this was too confident an anticipation. "At Newport," we read, "700 Liberal latchkey voters and 1,800 Conservative occupiers are affected by the decision." Pausing on the figures, we are tempted to find matter for hope in their relative proportions. Clearly, all parties are hit by the recent decisions, and since all alike profess to be eager for a broad, unequivocal, and simple measure of reform, Liberalism might well set the pace by entering upon the task without further delay.

Life and Letters.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMFORT.

THERE is no place, to our thinking, where a man may so readily imbibe the intimate feeling of the eighteenth century as in the aisles of Westminster Abbey. The background, it is true, is sufficiently incongruous, and yet it is precisely the background which enables the stranger of to-day to drape himself with so much ease in an Augustan toga. The eighteenth century was before all else the proud successor of the seventeenth. Take your place for a moment on those classic pedestals, beside the senators and soldiers who stand complacent in their Italian marble beneath the subtlety and reverence of Gothic arches. There is no gesture in history more eloquent than theirs. The crusaders lie supine in the Temple, abashed before the terrors of the *Dies iræ*. The Elizabethans, in Southwark Cathedral, beruffed and robed, tinted and painted, still bend a knee as they face the altar. But the stone ghosts of the eighteenth century have made the sanctuary their own. Each in his habitual attitude, with outstretched arm to command a listening senate or direct obedient troops, they flaunt their contempt for the ages that had built the shrine. What to them are the stone cobwebs of its roof, or the dim aspirations of its nave? They have made the earth habitable, erected against superstition and enthusiasm the bulwarks of philosophy, and cleared the solid earth of chimeras and phantoms. They face death erect, at ease on their pedestals before the cherubim. When they plead at the Judgment Seat it will be in lengthy but well-turned periods, adorned with apt Horatian quotations, and they will not affect to conceal from their Judge their conspicuous merits and their illustrious services to mankind. It was an age which had won its comforts after a hard struggle with the grim and visionary past. It had survived civil wars and wars of religion. It had erected a lofty and well-proportioned dwelling for itself, roomy, light, and airy, and its main concern was to banish the glooms and the aspirations which had wrecked the homes of earlier centuries. At the door it stood sentinel against its ancestral ghosts.

For the perfect rendering of this philosophy of comfort one must go to Voltaire. No French writer has a claim so direct on the sympathy and attention of English readers, yet with the exception of those innocent historical writings which are admitted to every school-room, he has been comprehensively neglected by our own generation. Our great-grandfathers did this reading for us, and even "Candide," we suspect, is chiefly known by the quotations which have embedded themselves in every civilised tongue. But Voltaire is no longer the remote classic for whose possessing we must go hunting amid the lumber of the bookstalls. You can now acquire for a shilling all that is most characteristic of his philosophic writing in that admirable series of French masterpieces by which Messrs. Dent are doubling the service they have already rendered to "every man" by their English Library. One turns its pages, curious chiefly to read again those vivid and sparkling letters in which this typically Latin intellect qualified with his irrepressible jests his admiration of contemporary England. But as one reads even this essay in characterisation, one surprises the man at his absorbing task. Even here he is busy in raising the spiritual ramparts which are to defend the reasonably comfortable life. He will go to England for the design of a bastion and borrow from us a method of setting bricks, for the pre-occupations of his defences against every form of superstition and enthusiasm are never far from his thoughts. The pragmatist will have it that truth is the hypothesis which "works." It is a slightly different metaphor that suggests itself as one watches the eighteenth-century thinker at his task. The search for truth was to him a conscious statesmanship. He chose his dogmas as a legislator attempting to found a permanent peace on the ruins of civil war might choose his laws. He surveys this fair province which Calvin has ravaged, and that smiling landscape which Pascal has

laid waste. He sees in the opinions of the churches and the schools so many menaces to that pedestrian optimism which it is his aim at all hazards to establish. His motto is that "Beware of enthusiasm!" which ordered the pulse of his century. He knew whither "enthusiasm" led. When he warns his readers to "flee the promptings of a melancholy zeal," it was the murder of kings and the division of nations that he had in mind. The zealot in his definition was in a state what a coward is in an army—the author of panic terrors. The comfortable life required that one should stop short in one's inquiries at the frontiers of the infinite. The revelation he desired was not a thing of mysteries. An angel, it is true, once visited him, and summarised the whole gospel of comfort in weak Alexandrines. But the angel had no esoteric truths to reveal.

He said "Be happy," and he said enough. The real objection to Calvin was that his God was always in a rage. Voltaire for his part sought "a milder king," and satisfied himself after a brief and complacent survey of nature that "Tis by our pleasures that He leads mankind." With a sage defence that sought to buttress such a genial Deism as this, while doubting the risky dogma of immortality, and firmly rebutting the uncomfortable superstition of predestination and necessity, one might hope for the future to avoid the bloody nightmares of the seventeenth century. With revealed religion he would not roughly interfere, provided its votaries were content "to gain the port without devouring others by the way." But the outlook on the whole was promising:

"We're generous enough to-day to try
To doom our brothers seldom to die,
And fewer Jews are burned on Lisbon's walls."

The axe, thanks to "philosophy," was already rusty, and the faggots had gone out.

It is in the resolve to maintain a steady optimism which would feel no temptation to take refuge in other-worldliness that one may find the key alike to Voltaire's animosities and to his opinions. His polemics against Pascal hardly touched on dogma. What he could not pardon in Pascal were his "eloquent insults" against mankind, and his uncomfortable habit of depreciating this earthly life. It might please Pascal to declaim against the blindness and misery of man, and to describe his situation in the universe as that of a traveller marooned upon a desert island, ignorant alike of how he came there and where he was. "For my part," answers Voltaire, "when I look at Paris or London, I can see no reason for abandoning myself to this despair. I see a city which in nowise resembles a desert island; but a place peopled, wealthy, policed, where men are as happy as human nature admits." As for repining because of our ignorance of the secrets of the universe, one might as well complain that we have not four feet and two wings. In pursuit of this eupheptic conception of our lot, he must needs spin theories about the equality in happiness of mankind. The metrical "Essay on Man" opens with the thesis that all conditions are equal. Our five senses are the measure of our pleasures and pains. "Have kings six senses?" And he proceeds with some pages of an unreal rhetoric which only Pope could have rivalled, to explain that the peasant in his rude vigor and robust senses derives as much joy from life as the voluptuary in town. He is quite content to have the equation which fixes the equal happiness of our lots balanced in this life alone. The acutest chapter in the signally superficial "Treatise on Metaphysic" is that in which he argues against personal immortality on lines which Mr. F. H. Bradley has developed in a section of "Appearance and Reality." The wisdom of life is to accept one's limitations, and to eschew with an equal resolution envy and curiosity. When we can "forgive our enemies their virtues," and build a stout wall of contented agnosticism on this side of the infinite and its problems, we shall have made a universe at peace with itself and its God.

One turns the pages of this "Essay on Man," and the pendant "Essay on Natural Law," puzzled to answer the question how far these curious exercises in didactic

rhyming represented the real Voltaire. They probably did reflect his more conscious and pedagogic moods, a little deflected, it may be, by the ambition to rival Pope. The satiric and sceptical Voltaire who wrote "Candide" was breaking away from his own duller and more solemn self at every page in an impulse of reckless probing. The didactic Voltaire, who thought he knew where he was going, was the commonplace philosopher of his century, who had rushed heedless into the first promising penfold in the effort to escape enthusiasm. But the universe took its revenge upon the comfortable philosophy. The "Essay on Man" is a trite and uninspired performance, but it deserves none the less to live for ever, if only as a preface to the recantation of the poem on the disaster of Lisbon. That famous earthquake wrought a notable havoc on the banks of the Tagus, but it shattered the optimism of enlightenment even more effectually. Here was the real spiritual event in the sage's inner life, and in this curious and almost indecently sincere utterance he threw overboard all the complacent system which guaranteed happiness in this life. With a certain savagery of contempt, he flung away the Leibnitzian "All is well in the best of all possible worlds." He would hear nothing more of a general good composed of a necessary chaos. He would not admit that the world would be sensibly worse if Providence had been pleased to stage the earthquake in a desert. In his old age, and in a poem which was, in a sense, his philosophic testament, he simply and boldly announced that old age had taught him a maturer wisdom, and that he looked to the future beyond the tomb for the happiness which this life promises in vain. A world subject to earthquakes was a too risky paradise. Enthusiasm and mysticism took a severe revenge. His last lines have something like the grace of a spiritual vision:—

"A caliph once, when sinking to his rest,
To God, adoring, this last prayer addressed:
'I bring thee, King, O Being without bound!
These things in Thy infinity not found,
My faults, remorse, my ignorance, and shame.'
But Hope, methinks, her place might also claim."

The expiring cry of the comfortable philosophy was a frank renunciation of this satisfying world. It had hedged the infinite with walls, and burned itself upon the *flammaria moenia mundi*. Had it but lived another thirty years, it would have seen the mob on the road to Versailles, trampling on its other dogma of the equal happiness of man as ruthlessly as the Lisbon earthquake shattered its dream of an ordered paradise.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SIGN.

THE methods of genius are sometimes in themselves as illuminating as anything they produce, but the account that genius gives of them may be bewildering enough until one understands. What is the impulse? And how does it shape itself? What does the man see, and how does he see it, and what does it mean, or suggest, or prompt? And how, from such a beginning, came what he creates for us? Browning's "Abt Vogler," like others of his poems on artists,—painters, poets, and musicians—tells us something of this strange faculty of receiving and creating.

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws that made them, and lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but
a star."

That tells the story, and it is true, as we know. But how it came about; that is the problem:

"But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

The psychologists of our day are growing more willing to recognise this curious way of learning, to which poets and musicians and mystics have always pointed as the only satisfactory way.

"Impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

The thing "comes"—that is the word—it "comes"

unlooked for, unobserved, and it is "there," before the man knows; and one day he is aware of it, as a new thing altogether, and yet as an old friend, resident long since in his heart.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

So asks the poet, and to-day the psychologist concedes that he can "feed his mind in a wise passiveness." Wordsworth's "Prelude" is one of the most interesting of autobiographies, because it tells with such curious explicitness how—

"I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is the visible quality and shape
And image of right reason; that matures
Her process by steadfast laws; gives birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns
Of self-applauding intellect; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;
Holds up before the mind intoxicate
With present objects and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure."

With the permanent and the beautiful it begins, and thence for the soul of wise passiveness come—

"The language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy."

But when the poet is cross-examined he makes a sorry figure. The self-applauding intellect confounds him. Like Virgil at the Court of Augustus, he seems an unintelligent and uneducated person, slow of speech, hesitant—like Browning's Lazarus—

"How can he give his neighbor the real ground,
His own conviction? Ardent as he is—
He merely looked with his large eyes on me."

The same experience comes over and over again in the history of religion. The quiet familiarity; the sudden realisation of the old in-growing truth, of the permanent and the beautiful; and the utter absence of argument—these recur, and in every age the "quick turns" of the dialectician leave the man of the religious habit in hesitation as to what to say, and whether it is worth saying, and root him more firmly in his belief that it is not his "saying" that will mend things—the other man must have the experience himself. But that he will never have till he is willing to drop the "quick turns" and to be very dull and stupid for a while, content to wait for the slow facts to impress themselves upon him.

In the Gospels we have a good deal of evidence as to how Jesus of Nazareth felt on these things. The great intellects, the men of law and learning, ask him to explain himself—they want a "sign"—evidence we should say, something to substantiate and guarantee him. The "signs" he gives are unsatisfactory. Sometimes he will give no "sign." "Then he sighed deeply in his spirit, and said, 'Why doth this generation seek a sign? Verily I say unto you, a sign shall not be given unto this generation.' So he left them and went up into the ship again." That scene is drawn from life.

But why no sign? In the parallel passage we read: "'The wicked generation and adulterous seeketh a sign, but there shall no sign be given it, but that sign of the Prophet Jonas'; so he left them and departed." Or again, what is his authority? And he asks the famous question: "The baptism of John, was it from Heaven or of men?" And the uneasy consideration of the alternatives, summarized by the Evangelist, leads to the answer that they could not tell whence it was. "Then Jesus said unto them, 'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.'" Answers and explanations are for the candid; if a man will tell the truth, he may be reasoned with, but if he lies or if he quibbles—better leave him alone. For the insincere, as for the "wicked and adulterous," there is no truth of God—how should there be? It may come to him by and by, perhaps, as Jesus suggests in the case of the wise rich man who laid up for many years. All was ready with him for retirement, when there was a tap on the shoulder, and he turned and found himself

face to face with the Fact for which there had never been any evidence.

Yes, and perhaps the Fact, for which there is no evidence, comes in the same way, but earlier and more gladly to others—"Knock, and it shall be opened to you."

"There was a door to which I found no key,"

says Omar Kháyyám in the rendering we know. "No key;" says the mystic, "none that you can find; wait; it will be opened." But not every one will wait. What is one to do while he waits? Consider the birds, perhaps, and the lilies of the field. So says the Gospel, and this is where, in modern days, Wordsworth and his sister began. But it does not explain the process of conviction. Parables illustrate it—the leaven works in the meal till all is leavened, an uneasy process of ferment and disorder; or the story may be quieter—"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed in the ground, and should sleep and rise up night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of itself, first the blade, then the ears, after that full corn in the ears. And as soon as the fruit sheweth itself, anon he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."

Such is the account which Jesus gives of religious conviction. When the Pharisees cross-examined him, he told them that "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation"—it may be a lightning-flash, sudden, illuminative, decisive; and that is why it is so serious. The Son of Man may be a disputable figure—"Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him"—but there is no forgiveness in this world, or that to come, for the refusal of the Spirit of Truth. So he taught, and all history shows it is true—the refusal of truth is fatal. If, to take an example from the physical world, a man refuses the truth as to germs and disease, and acts on his refusal, we know what, sooner or later, he will incur. And so it is in every sphere. Bunyan plunges Ignorance into Hell, and men cry out on the narrow Puritanism of it; but it is the plain fact of everyday that Ignorance always does go to some kind of hell, and wilful Ignorance most of all. The truth comes in the flash; and if a man refuse it, or so long as he refuses it, there is nothing to be said or done; and by and by he will lose the very faculty of seeing it. If this is Puritan theology, it is Stoic observation too—the experience of all who study men and their minds. Jesus, according to Matthew Arnold, "never touches theory, but bases himself invariably on experience."

It is to experience that Jesus goes to authenticate his message. If a sign is to be given, it shall be the repentance of the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah, or the coming of the Queen of Sheba to hear Solomon's wisdom—neither exactly a sign, but both pictures of serious interest in a serious message. But the men of his own generation are not serious; they will not consider facts; they will not base themselves on experience. "Hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the earth, and of the sky; but why discern ye not this time? Yea, and why judge ye not yourselves what is right?" The leaven of the Pharisees is hypocrisy, and it too works till the whole man is leavened—till he is incapable of realising or understanding facts. The strange words of Abraham, in the story of Dives and Lazarus, represent the judgment of Jesus on this class—"They have Moses and the prophets, but these are not enough," says Dives; but Abraham rejoins, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rise from the dead again."

But if serious people question him in earnest, Jesus has an answer. "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard: how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached." To the Pharisees once he rejoined, by way of dilemma, with the expulsion of demons—by what? By Beelzebub, or "by the finger of God"? But the strength of his position lies in the good news for the poor, for those who labor and are heavy-laden—news of rest and refreshment—as if the intuition of the Fatherhood of God were its own proof. Bethsaida and Chorazin neither hear nor see;

there are those who will. "Eyes and ears," said Heraclitus long before, "are bad witnesses for such as have barbarian souls."

So the matter stands in the New Testament documents in general. The Christian appeal is not to the philosophy of the day, Jewish or Pagan; that came later with curious results, which embarrass us to-day. The appeal was to the facts, and, pre-eminently among them, to the fact of the historic Jesus, the fact of an obscure provincial, and his death of shame. "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." A man must make of it what he can; the preaching of the early Church is intensely simple; it may be explained away or laughed away, or it may be "the power of God and the wisdom of God." The evidence is what a man sees, and what he sees depends on what he has to see with, and how effective this organ may be, or how ineffective. Generally, truth is reached less by ingenuity than by intensity. To the simple mind, that is open to it in a wise passiveness, it will come flooding in. Whether such knowledge is reliable, may, of course, be debated; its exact relation to all our other knowledge is indeed hard to determine. But if we refuse it, it is at our peril.

At any rate, whatever be our theory of knowledge, it is at least something to realise, when we study the religious experience, the mode and manner of it, for it is always much the same—the new light on the old fact. It is not least important to study, as far as one can, the mind of Jesus; for, whatever our judgment upon him, his mind, once entered into and understood, must inevitably be illuminative. Here (whatever else we may have to say) religion reaches its highest point, to stand or fall.

SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS.

THE writer of these lines is in a very bad temper. The reason of this malaise is that September is the month of holiday, and that September finds him still entangled in the Fens. This year it is the month of quintessential peace and sunshine. This is the one dazzling and perfect September. And of this month of months it is the day of days, the eighth. This, all over Europe, is a festival day—"the sort of feast unfallen worlds would keep," an enthusiastic writer calls it. Certainly, year after year that is the aspect of the world upon this date. The blue of early September skies is beyond all the blues of June. So it is here in Fenland this autumn. A hush is over everything. The harvest is finished already this wonderful year. Everybody seems away; the schools are still closed. The writer sits solitary, and sighs to think that he is not, this glorious festival morning, at Varallo or Rocamadour.

There are those to whom September means partridges. To great numbers it means holiday of some kind, though the vast majority no doubt are back at work again. Who does not know the September aspect of the newspapers, the want of strenuousness, the appearance of make-believe, the sense of their having been got together somehow, the apparent collapse of the work-a-day world? The people who write them appear to be unwillingly detained, as the writer is at present. Their hearts are on the links, no doubt. To the present writer, September means neither golf nor partridges. It means out-of-the-way foreign places. To get out of the British Isles is the nearest approach to another world that can be afforded to an Englishman on earth, the nearest approach to fairyland. In one word, it is a change. Things are different—this is what is so delightful. One feels that anything may happen, that the bondage of reality is broken, the frost of custom is dissolved.

"If I were suddenly carried away from hence," says that indefatigable traveller, Dr. Neale, "and let down in some village in France or Germany—without asking any questions—I should know at once that I was not in England, that I was in a French or German village, as the case might be. And

why? Because, firstly, I should hear French or German spoken; then I should see that the ways of the people were different from our own, that the signs and names on the shops, and the books in the houses were all different. Ay, and besides this there is a look in the very cottages, there is an appearance in the very gardens, there is a scent in the very air, which would make me say 'This is not England.'"

Strange that such simple-minded talk should be so pleasant.

Well, September is the bright interlude of topsy-turvydom, the month caught up out of the harshness of terrestrial reality, and spent in other worlds. This is no disrespect to England—the point is the difference. We are familiar with the usual autumn discussions as to French and English cooking, English and foreign prices. The cooking is a matter of opinion—we certainly have our own. "It's all very well for you to go abroad," said an indignant workman to the writer (he had been engaged on some job or other in Brussels); "you can afford English cooking." A friend, one time companion of many autumn wanderings (ah! *tempo felice*), now spending the most golden of Septembers in house-hunting over the length and breadth of the home counties, writes this morning, "Travelling in the British Isles is certainly a luxury, as far as the expense is concerned." Personally, we would rather in September have bad foreign cooking than good English, or (unlikely speculation) have an expensive holiday abroad than a cheap one in England. For one experience is essentially a rest and a change, and the other is not.

"Venti Settembre" is some great date in the Italian Revolution. Streets and squares are named after it, just as Paris has its Rue du Quatre Septembre. "Otto Settembre" is our own chosen day. Our sense of a mystic consecration in this particular day came originally, we think, from a paragraph in "Romola," read years and years ago, describing "the morning of the eighth of September" in Florence. Even before that we remember an admirable description of a September morning in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which delighted our childish fancy:—

"The morrow was a bright September morn,
The earth was beautiful as if new-born:
There was that nameless splendor everywhere.
That wild exhilaration in the air
Which make the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet."

How often, in all sorts of places, have we known such September mornings! It is one to-day; but to return to our grievance, we are spending it in Fenland.

We knew, we think in those days, that it was the festival of the Nativity of Our Lady, but we confess it was rather at the back of our minds. We remember saying—it was in 1888—to the friend already mentioned, "Surely this is the eighth of September." We went, one recollects, that evening to Chartres, and the next dazzling morning the revelation of the Cathedral broke upon us. Those were unforgettable days. In 1889 the eighth of September was a Sunday, and we were at Milan. In 1890 we remember driving from Ober Ammergau to Innsbruck. The crowds of English and American visitors were leaving, and a stream of peasants in their holiday dresses was pouring into Ober Ammergau from all the surrounding villages, for their own festival performance of the play. The village churches that we passed were everywhere thronged, the people standing outside the doors. We remember afterwards, in various years, spending the great feast at Chiavenna, at Caudebec, at Siena, at Amboise, at Le Folgoët. Everywhere we remember blue skies, gold sunshine, holiday people.

There are some few places in England in which one can feel the September holiday spirit. There is Clovelly, the queen of beauty spots of the whole world. There is Tintagel, and above all Port Isaac. In Cornwall one can almost feel the holiday charm of strangeness. But the great thing, we cannot but think, is to hear a different language all about one, and as Dr. Neale says, to see the foreign names and signs above the shops. A change without a change of language is no change. As a child, brought up under Evangelical auspices, the writer was secretly alarmed at the prospect of the conversion of

Europe to Protestantism, which he was assured was impending, and the establishment of the stifling decorum of the Low Church worship of that day, three-deckers, black gowns, and all the rest, in the Cathedrals of Seville and St. Mark. In latter years a similar fear has assailed him as to the possible establishment of English as a universal language. This would be equivalent to the blotting-out of September from the year. We remember the annoyance caused after a terrible night spent in crossing from Harwich to Rotterdam, by the first sight which saluted our eyes in the earliest morning-grey of an immense white advertisement of "The Standard Oil Company." These fears are perhaps unfounded. An Anglo-Indian lady told us recently that the Interpreter at Brindisi had only one answer to all possible inquiries made in the English tongue, and that was to take out his watch.

Well, when the Angel met Tobias "he wished him a good journey," and so we wish all happy September travellers. It is odd by the way that we have no English version of this beautiful phrase in common use. Elsewhere in Europe it is universal. We have to borrow "Bon voyage." "A good journey" again, "Buon viaggio," is the Italian form. The Spanish phrase is "a happy journey"—"feliz viaje." This too is the Russian farewell to travellers, "Schastlivyee poot," which we hope to hear some day, as we heard "Glückliche Reise" from the Tyrolean host of the Inn of the Sun as we started from his door to walk over the Brenner one September morning.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

Among picturesque notions that have been abolished by the advance and extension of accurate observation, the quaint concepts of our grandfathers concerning natural history have a prominent place. Few people believe now that the caterpillar is a butterfly that has shed its wings; nobody attempts to raise a swarm of bees from the body of a dead bullock; the statement that geese grow upon trees would not deceive even a marine. There are still men, more or less of science, who believe that frogs and fishes sometimes fall in a shower from the clouds, and others who are quite certain that they do not. At any rate we know that in the main their career is purely terrestrial, that nostoc is not really the sweat of the stars, and that the salamander does not eat fire. Books without number contain the exact life history of the cheese-mite and the mushroom; we are forbidden to believe in the spontaneous generation of the tiniest microbe. Yet we must still beware what books of the newest fount we read, lest someone with a genius for error should lead us astray in less notorious matters.

A weighty and respectable-looking book has just dropped hot from the press into the reviewer's lap. It has colored plates by the dozen and photographic illustrations by the hundred. The price of it is seven-and-sixpence, and from that price no bookseller may give a discount. Yet we find that in one or two particulars this book is far from being a trustworthy guide. Perhaps the intending purchaser would have an inkling of that fact when he saw it stated on the first page that gooseberries and raspberries are ripe in September. He would be more fortunate if he opened the book a little further on, and read the entertaining history of the nut weevil. A nut is picked up with a tiny hole in it, and obviously light. "How did this hole come?" asks Lector, "and why is the nut hollow?" To which Auctor replies that "the hole may have been made by the nuthatch!" but the great probability is that the weevil has been at work. "The weevil is really a beetle, but we should probably call it a maggot." The mother weevil introduced the egg, we are bidden to believe, through the hole we see, and the maggot "has to feed on the pulp as long as there is any left, and then it probably dies of starvation, and its body crumbles to dust."

How sad it is for the weevil that it has not the

versatility of the aphid. The aphid, or rather the young of the aphid, "has a very sharp point sticking out from the lower part of the body called the ovipositor." It proceeds down the trunk to the root, and there lays a cluster of eggs under the skin. Soon galls grow there, and in due time produce a third brood of aphides, much larger and stronger, but with a distaste for such tough things as roots. They crawl up the tree and prick the buds. Soon you see the "waxy-mottled galls" that make such nice button-holes on Oak-apple Day. "Such is the life-history of the oak-gall and the wonderful little aphides which produced them. Truly marvellous, is it not!" To balance his touching faith in this exaggerated case of alternation of generations, the author evidently disbelieves the very well-known fact that wheat-rust spends part of its career on the leaves of barberries. Perhaps higher botany is his especial forte. Let the botanist test him on the subject of nettles. "There are three kinds of nettle, the Roman or dead nettle, the small nettle, and the great nettle. It is on the dead nettle that the caterpillars of the Tortoiseshell and the Red Admiral butterflies feed. There are several other flowers closely allied to the nettle, such as Lavender, Mint, Sage, Thyme, and Peppermint." It would be an interesting task for the average County Council schoolboy to point out all the fallacies in these fifty-four words.

True knowledge is often diffident, and here and there we have reason to suppose that the author is not telling us all his anticipations of what the facts may be. Thus, concerning the common hare and the mountain hare he says:—"They may be distinguished by their long ears, long hind limbs, comparatively short tail, and a kind of split, or divided, upper lip. They are very fleet of foot, and move over the ground by a kind of leaping pace."

"Lucky, lucky boys and girls," he says in another place, "to be able to probe so deeply and widely into Nature's grand secrets." Let us probe for a little the author's knowledge of birds. "Woe be to any of our little feathered friends that come under the powerful middle toe of the hawk." Better possibly to be hatched in a nest that contains a young cuckoo, though it does "often" shoot its foster-brothers overboard. "It is quite an interesting study to watch a swallow building its nest," says the author, and goes on to describe what is evidently the building of a martin's nest. The swift has also to be reckoned with. It has a much broader wing than the swallow or martin, we are told, and instead of building under the eaves of a house, builds under the eaves of towers, castles, steeples, and other high buildings. It is the carrion crow of all the *Corvidæ* that hides acorns in the ground, and thus plants our oaks. If we would know a crow from a rook when we see one, we must remember that "rooks walk over the ground, but the crow hops." The oyster-catcher is called sea-pie. "Pie, of course, is an abbreviation of Magpie."

It is difficult to imagine all the sources of inspiration of this writer. He confesses to a preference for the company of a keeper when he takes his walks abroad. Some of his pleasantest hours have been spent in the beaters' line at a pheasant drive. "When one is alone there is always the fear of being lost. Thus the companionship of the beaters relieves one of much worry, and the walk can be thoroughly enjoyed." A little scrap of autobiography like that explains such passages as this:—"We will conclude with a short account of the Widgeon, or 'Whistler,' as you may hear it called. This bird is one of the most common of the wild ducks. It may be distinguished by its whistling note when on the wing. Its flesh is highly prized. The bird leaves this country during Spring, and breeds in the Arctic regions." It is from an earlier source, no doubt, that our teacher derives the fact that the spider "artfully entices the little insects into her parlor." It is an operation that no naturalist has properly described yet, and we cannot help thinking that this author should have done it. After his investigation of the habits of the wasp at home, this piece of research would have been child's play. "When the wasp returns home with her trunk full of

nectar the nurses gather round her while she drops the nectar on some comb. They sip the nectar, and run off to the larvæ. These take the nectar direct from the nurses' mouths." The repetition of the word "nectar" is no doubt needed to dispel the popular fallacy that wasps feed their young on the bodies of insects. The trunk is a daring invention to add verisimilitude.

As our writer has not yet discovered the existence of the gall-fly, it might be thought that he knew nothing of the saw-fly. Very far from it. He writes bravely up to the illustrations that have been provided. From the first of these the unwary reader learns that the saw-fly has only two wings, and is identical with the house-fly. The other is a good representation of the totally distinct drone-fly. The author tells us that we can find the saw-fly on our turnips and gooseberry bushes, and that the female uses her saw for cutting slits in which to lay eggs. Then he says:—"There are several varieties of saw-flies, but the one that I have mentioned is the most common." According to him, there are only two British newts, but he makes up to us our loss in this department by providing us with thirty species of humble bee, without including the carders, which strip plants of their fluffy down to line their cells. There is evidently but one vole. "He does not always live in the water. Sometimes he comes in the fields and eats the farmer's mangolds and turnips." Do you ask why the gold-crest hangs its nest from the pine branch? It is because "the upside-down method protects the nest from the rain, and enables them better to discover the crawling insect," an answer that strikes us as metaphysical.

After such a fashion may our "lucky, lucky boys and girls" imbibe wisdom from this handsome seven-and-sixpenny book. They are not to imagine that they have penetrated all Nature's vast secrets. "Let me assure you," says the author, "that you have only delved just below the surface of things." They must go on keeping their eyes and ears open, and asking questions of their parents and teachers. If they should ever get a certificate for proficiency in Natural Science, it is one that ought to be called "memorandum of things yet to be learned." There is a modesty about that declaration which disarms further criticism.

Short Studies.

GATE NUMBER TWELVE.

(From the Spanish of the Chilean writer, Baldomero Lillo.)

PABLO clutched instinctively at his father's legs. His ears hummed, and the floor, sinking under his feet, troubled him strangely. He felt himself cast into that hole, the dark mouth of which he had seen as he entered the cage, and he watched with great frightened eyes the murky walls of the pit wherein they sank with a dizzy speed. In that descent, without vibration, and silent, save for the dripping of water on the iron roof, the lamps flickered low, and in their vague half-light the fissures and elbows of the rock showed mysteriously—an interminable line of shades, which went like arrows fleeing aloft.

After a minute, the speed slackened suddenly, all feet fixed themselves more firmly on the moving floor, and with a hoarse rasping of bolts and chains, the heavy iron cage came to a stop at the gallery entrance.

They went together into the tunnel, the old man holding the boy by the hand. There was little movement in the mine, as it was yet early, and they were among the first to arrive. The gallery was high, and they could only dimly see a portion of the roof, spanned by great wooden beams, while the side walls remained invisible in the profound gloom which filled the vast and dismal excavation.

Some forty yards from their landing place, they stopped in front of a kind of grotto hewn from the rock. From the rough soot-colored roof hung a tin lantern, whose meagre beams gave the place the appearance of a

crypt, mournful and shadowy. Deep in it, seated behind a table and making notes in an enormous register, was a little man, whose pale furrowed face stood out like a white mask upon the murky background. Hearing footsteps, he looked up, and directed a questioning stare at the old man, who advanced timidly, saying in a respectful and submissive voice: "I've brought the little fellow, sir."

The clerk surveyed the small, weak body. The boy's thin limbs, and the babyish expression of the brown face, with wide-opened eyes like a frightened animal's, impressed him unfavorably; and though his heart had been hardened by the daily spectacle of so much misery, a pity rose within him at the sight of this child, dragged from his games and condemned, like many another unhappy little creature, to languish wretchedly in the damp galleries of the mine. The severe lines of his face softened, and it was with a pretence of harshness that he spoke to the old man, who watched him, anxious for the result of the examination.

"But, man, this boy is too weak to be working yet. He's your son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you might have some pity on his tender years, and send him to school for a while before burying him here."

"But, sir," the miner stammered, a note of dolorous supplication in his voice, "We're six in the house, and there's been only one to work. Pablo is eight now, and he must earn the food he eats. And isn't he a miner's son? He's got to do like his elders, that never had any other schooling than the mine."

His hoarse, tremulous voice was choked suddenly by a fit of coughing, but his watery eyes kept begging with such persistence, that the clerk, conquered by this silent appeal, put a whistle to his lips, and produced a shrill sound that echoed to the depths of the lonely gallery. They heard a clatter of hurried steps, and a silhouette appeared in the doorway.

"Juan," said the little man to the newcomer, "Bring this youngster to Gate Number Twelve, to replace that boy of José's, who was killed by the train yesterday." And turning roughly to the elder, who was beginning to mutter his thanks, he added, "I see that last week you didn't do the regulation five boxes. Don't forget that if it happens again, we'll have to get rid of you and have a more active man." An energetic wave of the hand dismissed them.

The three walked silently, between two rows of rails, lengthening or shortening their steps to avoid the sleepers sunk in the miry ground. The guide, a man still young, went in front, and behind came the old man, always holding Pablo by the hand. His chin was sunk upon his chest, and he was deep in thought. The menace in the clerk's words had filled him with terror. For some time it had been apparent to all that his strength was failing, that each day's work brought him nearer to that fatal minimum which, once passed, would convert the ancient workman into a simple encumbrance. It was all in vain that from morn till night, fourteen long hours, like a reptile in the narrow shaft, he would furiously attack the coal, bloodying himself against that inexhaustible vein which so many generations of slaves like himself had but scratched. That bitter and never-ending strife soon brought the youngest and strongest to decrepitude. In their damp and noisome burrow, they bent their backs and wore out their sinews, each morning feeling their flesh creep at the contact of the mineral, as a vicious horse trembles when he sees the shafts. But hunger is a better goad than whip or spur, and they silently returned to their oppressive task, while the vein vibrated subtly, bitten by the square tooth of the pick, as a sandy shore is eaten by the onward surge of the sea.

A sudden halt of the guide awakened the old man from his dismal soliloquy. Their way was barred by a door, and huddled in the angle of the wall and the ground was a dark object, the outlines of which were revealed confusedly by the wavering beams of the lanterns. It was a boy of some ten years of age.

With his elbows resting on his knees, and his pale

face between his meagre hands, mute and motionless, he did not appear to notice the workmen who passed the gateway and left him plunged anew in the darkness. His wide-open, expressionless eyes were directed obstinately upwards, absorbed perhaps in the contemplation of some imaginary landscape which, like the mirage of the desert, mocked those poor pupils so thirsty for light, damp with the nostalgia of the far-off splendor of day. Charged with the management of that door, he was passing the endless hours of his prison-time in a miserable interment, overwhelmed by the enormous rock-roof that smothered for ever in him the gracious restlessness of childhood—the childhood whose sufferings leave in the heart that understands them an infinite bitterness, a sharp execration for human egoism and cowardice.

The two men and the boy, after walking some time in a narrow corridor, emerged into a high gallery, from the roof of which fell a continual rain of heavy drops of water. At intervals could be heard a dull and far-off sound, as if somewhere above their heads a gigantic hammer were beating upon the earth's crust. Pablo listened in wonderment, not knowing that it was the noise of the sea on the crags of the coast. They went a space further, and found themselves at length in front of Gate Number Twelve.

"Here you are!" said the guide, halting close by the door of planks which turned on its fastenings to a wooden frame in the rock. So dense was the darkness that the ruddy lights of the lamps that they carried fastened to the peaks of their leather caps, scarcely permitted them to see this obstacle.

Pablo did not at once understand all this, and silently watched his companions, who, after exchanging a few hurried words, set themselves, with a brisk joviality, to explain the management of the door. The youngster, following their directions, opened and shut it repeatedly, removing the uncertainty of the father who feared that the strength of his son would not suffice for the work. He manifested his satisfaction, passing his rough hand through the tousled hair of his offspring, who so far had betrayed neither weariness nor alarm. His youthful imagination was confused and unsettled by his unfamiliar situation. At times it seemed to him that he was in a darkened room, and every moment he expected to see a window open somewhere and bathe the place in sunlight; but although his untutored heart had already forgotten the terror of the sinking cage, these unaccustomed gestures and caresses were gradually awakening his mistrust.

Far away in the gallery a light glimmered, and there came the rumbling of wheels upon the rails, while a heavy and rapid trotting shook the ground.

"The train!" cried both of the men, and the elder added breathlessly, "Quick, Pablo! Let's see how you do your work!"

The little fellow, with clenched fists, leaned his puny body against the door, which gave slowly until it touched the wall. The operation was scarcely finished when a horse, blackened, sweaty, and tired-looking, passed rapidly in front of them, dragging a line of heavily-laden trucks.

The workmen looked at each other, well pleased. The novice was now a tried door-keeper, and the old man began to talk to him flatteringly: he was no longer a child like those who stayed above there whining and hanging to their mother's skirts, but a man, a sturdy fellow, no less than a workman, that is to say, a comrade who must now be treated as such. And he gave him to understand that they would have to leave him alone now, but that he was not to be afraid. There were many others like him doing similar work in the mine. His father would be near, and would come from time to time to see him; and then, the day's toil ended, they would go together home.

Pablo heard all this with an increasing terror, and for answer clutched with both hands at his father's blouse. Until now he had not known exactly what was wanted of him, and the sudden turn taken by what he had conceived to be a simple excursion into the mine made him scared as a deer, dominated by the one frantic

desire to quit that place, see his mother and brothers, and be once more in the light of day. To every affectionate argument he replied with a wailing and tremulous "Let us go!" Neither promises nor threats could weaken him, and the "Let us go, father!" burst from his lips each time more dolorous and appealing.

The old man's face revealed a keen disappointment, but the sight of those tearful eyes raised to him in anguished supplication changed his incipient wrath to an infinite pity. The paternal love that had lain dormant in the innermost depths of his being awoke in all its strength. The boy was so weak and tiny yet!

The recollection of his own life, of those forty years of work and suffering, passed before him, and with a profound disillusionment he had to admit that for the fruit of all that immense labor there remained to him only a worn-out body, soon to be cast from the mine as a hindrance; and at the thought that the same destiny was awaiting this poor little creature, there swept over him a sudden imperious desire to snatch the prey from the jaws of this insatiable monster that took the children from their mothers' laps to make them outcasts whose shoulders bent with the same stoicism under their masters' brutal blows as under the fierce caress of the ever-inclining rock.

But this incipient sentiment of rebellion was quickly killed by the thought of his wretched home, and the hungry and half-naked beings whose only support he was; and all his long experience showed him how foolish was his dream. The mine never let go what it had once taken; and like new links taking the place of the old and worn ones in an endless chain, the sons followed the fathers, so that in that deep well the rise and fall of the living tide was never interrupted. And the little ones who breathed the poisoned air of the mine grew up warped, weak, and bloodless; but to that they had to resign themselves, for to that they had been born.

So with more resolution the old man took from his belt a thin strong cord, and in spite of the boy's resistance and entreaties, bound it round his middle, and tied the other end to a thick bolt fastened in the rock. Many pieces of frayed twine hanging from the nail showed that this was not the first time it had served a like turn.

Half dead with terror, the child kept uttering penetrating cries, and they had to employ violence to drag him from his father's legs. His pleadings and clamors filled the gallery, but the tender victim, more unfortunate than the Biblical Isaac, did not hear a friendly voice to hold back that paternal arm uplifted against its own flesh and blood through the crime and the iniquity of men.

So desolate, so piercing and tremulous was the accent of the calling voice, that the unhappy father, as he departed, felt his resolution wavering once more. But the weakness was again only momentary, and putting his hands over his ears to shut out those cries that were rending his heart, he hurried his steps to get away. Before leaving the gallery, he halted a moment, and listened. A tiny voice, weak as a sigh, kept calling far away there. . . . "Mother! Mother!"

Then he took to running like a madman, pursued ever by that haunting sound, and did not pause until he came to the vein. The sight of it changed his grief to a furious anger, and grasping the pick, he attacked it madly. His blows fell upon the unfeeling bulk like thick hail upon a window-pane, and the iron tooth bit into the glittering black mass, loosening great lumps that mounted up between the worker's feet, while a thick dust covered the wavering light of the lantern like a veil.

Splinters of the coal flew about with violence, wounding his face and neck, and his bared chest. Drops of blood mingled with the sweat that covered his body, as he burrowed into the breach that he was opening, widening it with the zeal of the convict who bores into the wall of his cell; but without the hope that feeds and sustains the prisoner . . . the hope to find at the end of his toil a new life, full of sunshine and fresh air and freedom.

BALDOMERO LILLO.

(Translated by F. J. Cogley.)

Art.

MR. GORDON CRAIG'S STAGE DESIGNS.

THE malign influence of the theatre on drama has been long apparent. Yet clearly as we perceive that the theatrical is the enemy of the dramatic, we have not yet found a way out for our tragic actors, still less for our scenery. Mr. Poel indeed showed long ago that merely to get rid of scenery altogether was a great assistance. We saw that the expensive and much-advertised setting which was habitually arranged for Shakespearean drama, with its realistic and archaeological rendering of actual scenes, infected even the most demonstrative of actor-managers with its own unreality, and that merely to do away with this—to let the actors appear before a vague tapestry hanging—gave them a chance of convincing us of their humanity. But this was only a negative advantage; it still remained to discover a setting which would not only not interfere, but which should actually impose upon the spectator the appropriate mood. It is here that Mr. Gordon Craig came in. He it was who had the brilliant idea, one of those supremely simple and apparently obvious ideas which are the prerogative of genius, namely, that it might be possible to design scenery to express the idea of a play instead of contradicting it. It is now many years since we have had the pleasure of seeing any actual stage-setting by him in England, but the few that he did show that he was on the right track, and now that he has returned to England with a European reputation, it may be hoped that we shall know how to make use of his genius. In the interval he has perfected and simplified his methods in an extraordinary degree. His designs are now purified of any trace of the old picturesque conceptions of scenery which may have still clung about his earlier attempts.

Mr. Gordon Craig's concern is with poetic drama, and indeed it is only here that the problem of setting becomes difficult. Since comedy is upon the plane of ordinary life, since its emotional pitch is low, it needs no setting but what common-sense and a certain decency of taste supply. It gets its due effect by a more or less exact imitation of the actual scenes of modern life. But the poetic drama needs something other than this, and something difficult of attainment in proportion to the elevation of mood. Mr. Gordon Craig realised, what Sir Joshua Reynolds had already pointed out in his "Discourses," that this elevation of mood which belongs to what Reynolds called the Grand Style, necessitates, above all, abstraction and generalisation, that any particularisation of forms tends to a lowering of the emotional pitch. Now, hitherto our stage artists had been laboring under the fallacy of the picturesque. The appeal of the picturesque is based upon the notion that certain things—say a palace at Verona, moonlight on a rocky shore, or an old English homestead—have an inalienable imaginative charm which will be evoked by any reminiscence of them, and that the more photographic the likeness of these things the more powerfully will the charm work. The idea of all great art is, on the contrary, that these things have charm because they possess in various degrees certain fundamental qualities which may be traced not only in them, but in almost all objects—hence the artist's apparent indifference to the subject of his design—and that it is his work to distil from things these emotion-compelling qualities. We have for so long been dominated by the tyranny of the imitative picturesque view that we are at present merely children spelling out the alphabet of this rational and fundamental method of appeal. But Mr. Gordon Craig has already managed to spell out a few words of it, and these have an almost magical effect upon the imagination.

We know, of course, the direction in which we have to look for this mysterious evocative power in things, that it has to do with proportion, with scale, both absolute and relative, with mass, with the inclination of planes one to another, with light and shade; but we have as yet only empirical and tentative methods of

applying these ideas. Mr. Gordon Craig shows that a few elementary rectangular masses, placed in certain relations to one another and illuminated by a diagonal light, will stir the mind to the highest pitch of anticipation, will inspire already the mood of high tragedy. Such a scene clears the mind of all accidental and irrelevant notions, and leaves it free to be filled with the tragic theme.

In such an art as this, abstraction and bareness may well be carried without danger to the extreme, even of emptiness; since it is the business of the scene to arouse only a vague indeterminate mood of wonder and awe, the precise color and content of the mood, the exact shade of each emotion, awaits the action for its complete realisation. It is an art concerned with the imaginative approach to things of higher import, not with their final consummation. It is like the narthex of a cathedral, the frame of a picture, the avenue to a great palace, and, as in all these things, something must be left out, its perfection depends upon its incompleteness. It must prepare the mind but not entirely satisfy it. Certainly in most of Mr. Gordon Craig's models this is apparent. One is conscious of an almost impatient anticipation as one looks at them. One waits, hoping to see the slow-moving figure emerge from behind one of the monolithic masses, or descend slowly one of the convergent stairways which lead from mysterious depths of gloom. One knows that the moment the figure moves into sight we shall be in the midst of fatal memorable deeds.

It is almost incredible that, even from the point of view of a popular success, these thrilling scenes should not appeal to some theatrical entrepreneur. I understand that some actors complain of their perfection, and dread that there will not be room for them to make their particular personal effect. As Mr. Gordon Craig wittily remarks in the notes to his catalogue, they might at least as well complain that Shakespeare's verses left them very little to do. But perhaps, from their professional standpoint, they are right. If once we saw them in their proper setting for poetic drama, we should find their familiar idiosyncrasies too particular, too individual, and we should ask them, as the Greeks did, to hide their too emphatic features beneath the generalised forms of the tragic mask.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORERS' UNION.

THE year 1906, which saw so many strange things, saw the revival, after more than a generation, of an Agricultural Laborers' Union. Nominally it extends over the Eastern counties; in practice it is confined to Norfolk. The South of England has wretched wages, but it has not the democratic spirit. The North has the democratic spirit, but it has not wretched wages. Norfolk has both, and this seems to be the reason why the Union has struck root there.

The secretary is one of Joseph Arch's old lieutenants, Mr. George Edwards. On him the success of the Union has largely depended. He is very far from being the typical "agitator." Gentle and quiet in manner, and moderate in policy, his strength lies in his intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the Norfolk laboring class, from which he has himself sprung. His perennial fund of humor stands him in good stead on the platform.

The general public has only heard of the Union in connection with a local strike which was organised at St. Faith's, near Norwich. There are two opinions as to the wisdom of this strike, and as to the method of settlement. The men struck for an extra shilling a day, and for a Saturday half-holiday. They failed in their demand, and have gone back to work on the same terms as before, with the exception of a very small number whom the masters have refused to employ again. It is contended, however, that this does not spell total failure,

since the strike has so far impressed the large farmers as to prevent their reducing the wages during the winter from 13s. to 12s., as has hitherto been customary.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the strike is the chief thing for which the Union exists. Indeed, there is at present a strong feeling in its ranks against the strike policy. It endeavors to secure for its members small holdings and better housing conditions. It assists them in legal proceedings, which may easily arise over questions of unjust dismissal, threatened eviction, or compensation for accidents. It aims at raising wages by influencing Parliament and public opinion. It puts forward candidates both for Rural District Council and County Council elections, and pays their election expenses and subsequent travelling expenses. At the last County Council election, six Union candidates were returned. Besides doing this definite work, the Union has undoubtedly produced moral effects which are even more important. Small as it is, it has all the strength of a growth which is spontaneous and not artificial. It fosters the democratic spirit, and encourages the men to claim their rights instead of looking for charity from those above them. And it has affected public opinion in a remarkable way. Although its representatives are not numerous enough to dominate the County Council, yet the whole atmosphere, especially on the Small Holdings Committee, has changed. The Council has distinguished itself from the first in the provision of small holdings, of which it has 7,232 acres; but the pace has been much more rapid since the last election than before.

In order to keep up the Union membership, which implies a payment of 2d. a week, it is not enough to deal with particular cases here and there. It is necessary to hold meetings constantly, and they continue throughout the whole summer, harvest-time excepted. Mr. Edwards and his assistant organiser are constantly travelling about, on bicycle or on foot.

The Union has many difficulties in its way. It has to face the instinctive hostility—largely unreasoning—of certain classes. Any combination among the laborers still inspires the landlord and large farmer with the same vague terror which led in 1834 to the transportation of the Dorchester laborers, and even as late as 1874, at the time of Arch's strike, to the ridiculous sentences on women for "intimidating" blackleg workmen. The Press fears unpopularity if it gives too much prominence to the Union meetings. The use of parish rooms, and other places of meeting, is not seldom refused, on the ground that the Union is "setting class against class."

At the meetings, whether indoors or outdoors, the advantages of the Union are pointed out, and a constant appeal is made to the spirit of independence and self-help. The familiar trade union arguments are strongly pressed home, with illustrations from the benefits won by combination in other trades.

The most original and distinctive of the Union's activities is the "camp meeting" on Sundays. The idea of open-air Sunday services is familiar to the laborer of the Eastern counties, with his Primitive Methodist traditions. Democratic sentiment has always been one element in the preaching at these services. At the "camp meetings" it is made even more prominent. The transition is easy and natural, and I have looked in vain for any sign that it is thought odd or unusual by the audience.

Even if the meetings were purely political, there would be good reason for holding them on Sunday. The laborer has no Saturday half-holiday, and to attend a meeting on any week-day, unless it is close to his door, involves a real sacrifice. For attending meetings at any distance from home, Sunday is the only possible day—and even that is often impossible for men in charge of horses or stock. The Sunday meetings are the largest and most successful.

One in which I took part was held in a village comprising not more than 30 or 40 houses. The platform was a large hay-wagon in the middle of the village green, furnished with a wooden bench covered by a horse-cloth. Two meetings were held—one at 2.30 and the other at 5.30. Each was preceded by a procession

round the village, the speakers and their supporters marching along in somewhat unmilitary style, followed by the band from the neighboring town, playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and similar tunes. Between the meetings there was an adjournment for tea. The procedure was the same at both. There was extempore prayer, and readings from the Bible. The choice fell, naturally enough, upon the political passages of Isaiah and Jeremiah. At intervals there were hymns from a special hymn book issued by the Union, and sold broadcast for a penny. Some were the familiar labor hymns:

"Lift up the people's banner,
Now trailing in the dust,
A million hands are ready
To guard the sacred trust."

Others were purely ethical or religious.

Interspersed with these were some such as the following, dating from Joseph Arch's time, and sung to the tune of "A Fine Old English Gentleman":—

"He used to tramp off to his work while town folks were in bed,
With nothing in his belly but a crust or two of bread,
He dined upon potatoes, and he never dreamed of meat,
Except a lump of bacon fat sometimes—by way of treat—
This fine old English laborer, one of the olden time."

"They used to treat him as they liked in the evil days of old,
They thought there was no power on earth to beat the power
of gold,
They used to threaten what they'd do whenever work was slack,
But now he laughs their threats to scorn—with the Union at
his back—
This fine old English laborer, one of the present time."

In the speeches religion was spoken of as being at the root of politics. There was no bitter attack on the wealthier classes, but dependence on charity was deprecated and ridiculed. The gospel of independence was vigorously preached. Wealth could not be created without labor, and labor must have its fair share. Low wages, insanitary cottages, must not be tolerated. Social evils could only be removed by standing shoulder to shoulder, and joining the Union ranks. Yet this was not all. The changed heart, the spirit of brotherhood and unselfishness—these things were essential to human improvement. This was the real Christianity. "If Christ came here to-day, He would prefer this platform to the most elegantly furnished cathedral in the world."

The sloping evening light illuminated the long village green, with its duck-pond in the centre, and the heavy-foliaged trees overshadowing its commonplace houses. The audience grew and grew. At the end of the evening meeting I counted 800 people, men, women, and children. They had come in from all the neighboring villages. Some were in little carts in which they sat while they listened, the ponies grazing peaceably the while. There were children in rickety perambulators, and two or three old-age-pensioners in wheeled basket-chairs. The audience was attentive, quiet, and profoundly serious. Of emotionalism there was none, unless it was in the singing of the familiar parting hymn—

"God be with you till we meet again;
Keep Love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite Death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!"

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Letters from the Empire.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The general election to the Dominion Parliament has been fixed for September 21st. The Canadian Opposition, compensating for a blighting dearth of talent by long-winded pertinacity, had pursued a systematic course of obstruction, and, in the absence of any closure rules, there was no alternative for Sir Wilfrid Laurier but dissolution. He and his Government have determined to stand or fall on the Reciprocity Agreement, and its ratification will be the main issue of the election. A strenuous campaign is now on foot, and it is anticipated

that the contest will be conducted with unparalleled bitterness and passion.

Mr. Borden has a difficult task before him. He has undertaken to win a victory in an attempt to check the result of an inevitable revolt against the false economic policy of the Dominion, and as a beginning he has incurred the odium of obstructing the administration of the country and forcing an election at the busiest season of the year for the farming community. If there are Liberal opponents to reciprocity like Mr. Sifton, and the clique of Toronto financiers, there are many Conservative friends of the pact, including Mr. Haultain, who is probably the finest type of Conservative in the Dominion, and is, moreover, a man of great ability and wide influence in the West. If the Opposition had accepted the reciprocity pact, they would have had an excellent chance of defeating the Laurier Government a year hence in the ordinary course of events.

There is now a deep suspicion in Canada that the obstruction of the Canadian Opposition is inspired by the Tariff Reform League at home. The Tariff Reformers saw in reciprocity the end of their own fantastic dreams, and sent forth the word that the Empire must be saved. With visions before them of showers of future knight-hoods from a grateful Tory Government at home, the Canadian Opposition set themselves to the task, and are making a brave and determined attack on the Government. The Manufacturers' Association, the Financial Mandarins, the Railway Corporations, and every interest that the New Feudalism of Canada can command are in the field. The Imperialist drum is being beaten with zealous vigor, and "talk sentiment, not economics," is the watchword. The Tories, however, have realised that as long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier maintained his hold in Quebec it was impossible to defeat him, and that, therefore, their only chance was a landslide in favor of the Nationalists in that province, headed by Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa. In Quebec, the Conservative party has practically disappeared, and left the fight to the Nationalists. The latter are divided on the subject of reciprocity—Mr. Monk rejects it, and Mr. Bourassa favors it on the ground that it ends Chamberlainite Imperialism—but they are united in their hostility to the Laurier Government, chiefly on account of its navy policy. There has thus arisen the present sinister alliance between the ultra-Imperialists of Ontario and the anti-Imperialists of Quebec. We find the editor of the "Toronto News," who is the head centre of the Imperial propaganda in Canada, and is also the "Times" correspondent, giving a prominent place in his paper to the anti-Imperialist campaign of the Nationalists, who lose no opportunity of denouncing Britain and British Imperialism. It should surely now be obvious to the few British Imperialists who have any real knowledge of Canadian affairs, that the "interests" in Canada merely regard Imperialism as a useful tool to place in power a party which they can nominate. It is to be hoped that the Tariff Reformers will not beguile themselves into the belief that a victory for Mr. Borden will assist their cause. Mr. Borden can only win by the aid of the Nationalists, and his party will then contain a strong wing which is pledged to resist any development of Imperial relations, commercial or political. It is, however, quite unlikely that Mr. Borden will win, and he may meet with an overwhelming defeat. Many Conservative farmers are fully seized of the benefits of reciprocity, and intend to vote for it. The older Liberals who were disgusted with certain aspects of the Laurier régime have rejoined the party almost to a man, and the Radical Free Trade elements in the West have abated their insurgency for the present, and accepted reciprocity as the first instalment of tariff reduction. It is probable that the Laurier Government will regain the same strength by reciprocity as the Asquith Government did by the 1909 Budget. A policy of adventure always pays in North American politics.

In the Maritime Provinces reciprocity has always been popular, and the Government stands to gain several seats. In Quebec they may lose ten or more to the Nationalists, but some will be gained from the Conservatives. In Ontario, which will be the chief

battleground, the Tories hold all the urban seats where the anti-reciprocity element is strongest. There seems to be a decided tendency in the rural divisions for the farmers, regardless of political leanings, to vote for reciprocity, but many constituencies are dominated by small manufacturing towns which will vote against it. The Liberals should hold their own, and it must be remembered that the results were never better for them in Ontario than in 1891 and 1896, when reciprocity was an issue. In the three prairie provinces which have been deprived of their former representation, reciprocity is very popular. In Winnipeg, the Liberals have nominated Mr. J. H. Ashdown, a millionaire merchant of English birth, who in his person will answer the appeals to the British-born vote, now circulated far and wide. Mr. Wood, Vice-President of the Grain Growers' Association and a Conservative, is standing as an Independent in the constituency of Macdonald, and elsewhere the Liberals and the Grain Growers have formed an alliance. The reciprocity party ought to win four out of the eight Manitoba seats which it is attacking. In Saskatchewan and Alberta the Conservatives only hold four seats, and two of these are likely to be lost. In the McLeod division the late Conservative member, Mr. Herron, intends to support reciprocity. In British Columbia the Liberals only hold two seats, but they are unlikely to make gains. It is too early to make an accurate estimate, but a rough conclusion is that the Government will return with its majority practically unimpaired. In the Opposition ranks, the anti-Imperialist Nationalists will form a considerable wing, to the exclusion of Conservatives. Reciprocity is perhaps as fortunate in its opponents as in its friends; the names of Mr. Clifford Sifton and Sir Edmund Walker are not such as can be conjured with among the rural electorate of Canada; they are being hailed in the Tariff Reform Press as saviors of the Empire, but *non tali auxilio* will the Empire be saved. If its destinies are to be guided by the type of men who have organized the Canadian National League, and in the spirit which characterises that body's works and publications, better that it should go at once into liquidation.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. STEVENSON.

Winnipeg, Canada.

Letters to the Editor.

THE SOLDIER IN CIVIL STRIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some of those who have discussed in your columns the military action of the Government before and during the strike seem to me to confuse two separate things.

One is the duty of the military in the case of an actual or threatened disturbance to consult with, and act as far as possible in harmony with, and at the request of, the local authorities.

The other is the duty of the Government to exercise an intelligent anticipation of events, and when the need for military aid in some cases is not only possible but probable, to take steps to have troops available where they may be required.

There is, I think, little evidence of any intention to depart generally from the first salutary obligation. In our little town, where, however, owing to the large number of visitors, the strike caused considerable feeling and excitement, the commanding officer of the small detachment permanently stationed in our neighborhood readily agreed not to show his men until they were required, which, happily, never occurred.

As to the second obligation, I submit that, when once the Government knew that troops might be needed in various centres, and especially when they had decided—rightly, as I think—that, if necessary, they would keep the railways running at least for "works of necessity and mercy," it would have been absurd not to have taken the necessary steps, while the railways were still running, to distribute their forces throughout the country on an organised plan. This was done during the night of Wednesday,

August 16th, I believe, with extraordinary rapidity and efficiency. Of course, this involved something like a military occupation of the country, and it is obvious that such a comprehensive plan could not be allowed to depend upon the previous concurrence of every single local authority whose area was involved. It may have been that the carrying-out of this distribution of forces necessarily led to a concentration of troops in some places where their presence added to the excitement, and so increased the tendency to disorder; but this was unavoidable. It would have been silly and futile to keep the soldiers at Aldershot and Tidworth until local authorities in the North asked for their assistance, after traffic was suspended, and no trains were available for their transport.

As to the employment of the military in cases of actual disorder, it was, I think, almost always in co-operation with the local authorities, and sometimes the local peace officers seem to have made the worst mistakes—as, for instance, the police at Liverpool. Surely the best restraint on these difficult occasions is that the military, as well as the police, know that they are still subject to the Civil Law (not Martial Law, as "Anti-Humbug" suggests), and may have to justify, before a Civil Court, any action which causes injury.

I venture to suggest that it is the strict maintenance of this principle that is the real key of the situation, and the best safeguard against the tyranny that some of your correspondents fear.

I feel strongly that few people realise how serious and dangerous to the future progress of the country is the lessening of respect for the law, and the increasing readiness of individuals to adopt forcible and illegal methods in the endeavor to gain political or social ends, which has so rapidly developed during the last ten years.

Beginning with the disregard of signed agreements and international law in our dealing with the South African Republic, which led directly to the riotous demonstrations (excused by Mr. Balfour) against the anti-war minority in England, and continued through the refusal by Passive Resisters and others to pay legally-imposed taxes, and the avowedly coercive and illegal policy of the Militant Suffragists, we have arrived this year at organised hooliganism in the House of Commons, incitements by Front Bench men of armed resistance to an impending Act of Parliament, the breaking of contracts without the mutually-agreed notice, and "peaceful persuasion," too often avowedly intended, if necessary, to terrify into compliance.

In all these cases, earnest, educated, and conscientious men and women persuaded themselves that illegal methods or physical force was the only way to overcome the resistance of opponents to the supreme social or political ideal which claimed their devotion. But just such was the profound belief of the earnest and conscientious people who led the English Revolution in the seventeenth, and the French Revolution in the eighteenth, century. They did not realise that when once they had secured (as we have to-day) a free Parliament, it was dangerous madness to resort to illegal methods to hurry on even high ideals. The consequence was that in the reaction thus caused the Free Parliaments themselves disappeared, and the fair promise of the new social order was blighted and set back in France for one hundred and in England for two hundred and fifty years.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough.

September 11th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After reading the letters of Mr. Cunninghame Graham and "Anti-Humbug" in your last issue, I begin to wonder whether I have any title to be called a Liberal. True, I have always voted Liberal, have even been a Liberal candidate, have been a keen supporter of Liberal measures like Old Age Pensions, the Parliament Bill, the Budget of 1909, the Home Rule Bill, and have given both time and money in support of Liberal candidates, my only, but sufficient, reward being the feeling that I was helping a good cause.

I also think I have an instinctive trust in the people, not only at election times, but also when they take to demanding shorter hours and better wages, and will, I hope,

soon get them. Above all things, I believe in Liberty; liberty even to work as well as strike; but it would appear from these letters that unless one is prepared to go the whole hog in support of the Labor Party—to forgo all criticism of its methods, to be silent if in one's opinion it outrages decency, then, according to Mr. Cunninghame Graham, if one is honest one must cry "Gloria Winston in Excelsis! Long live the man who has not feared to shoot!"

This is scarcely fair, and unlike Mr. Cunninghame Graham's clear way of putting things. I may be what he describes as an unliterary Agag, but I am only a learner, and am puzzled about one or two features of the recent strike.

What is the objection to calling out the military? To suggest that it is because the people take to demanding shorter hours and better wages is absurd. If the strikers are law-abiding and act in a lawful way, they will not come into conflict with the military, and it is almost certain that as long as they confine themselves to this attitude, the more effective and irresistible would their cause become.

If, however, strikers adopt an unlawful attitude, and seek not only to intimidate other workers but actually use force to coerce them, it is not surprising if they object to the military; but how would you, Mr. Editor, and how would Mr. Cunninghame Graham deal with disorder? Two instances came before my notice recently. A man who kept at his work was met by two strikers (much bigger men than himself) who accosted him with a very unpleasant expression; as the non-striker turned to go away he was struck on the back of his head a violent blow with a bottle, the result being that he had to be carried to the infirmary in an unconscious condition. The second case is where a man was threatened if he did not leave work. He refused, and the pickets then went to his house, saw his wife, and told her that if she did not make him leave work they would make him so that he couldn't work.

It is quite easy to pooh-pooh such cases as exceptional. I am afraid they are not, but the Trade Union Congress utters few, if any, words of condemnation of illegal methods. An injustice by an employer is wicked, criminal, and no language is too strong or abusive to describe it; but silent consent is thus given to the most flagrant acts of cowardice in the sacred name of Labor. Surely this is all wrong, and the leaders who are silent whilst their followers are relying on such methods are guilty of cowardice, but worse still, they are themselves relying on force and coercion to secure their ends. This compels others to rely on force to preserve law and order.

In these days it is the popular thing to bid for the support of the crowd, to enlarge on its virtues, and exaggerate the vices of the others. It always raises a cheer at a meeting, and many speakers trade on it; but the working man who reflects is beginning to see through it, and would respect faithful dealing, and I believe numbers of working men rejoiced when the military were called in, not to shoot strikers—no sane man believes that—but to protect law-abiding citizens, many of whom wanted to work but were not allowed to; because for a week England was given over to a rule more dangerous perhaps and inimical to liberty than even the alleged military rule denounced by your correspondents.

It is said that the military were used without reference to the local authorities, but has any local authority complained or protested? Much has been made of Manchester not calling in the military, but Manchester men smile, because it had the military within call, not 400 yards from the Royal Exchange, guarding the bridge which divides Manchester from Salford.—Yours, &c.,

J. M.

September 12th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th inst., one of your correspondents, who signs himself "Anti-Humbug," honors me with a reference, and refers to "the scolding of Sir Francis Channing and Mr. Lupton." He also says, "A belief in the principles of civil liberty is not widely spread, and neither Sir Francis Channing nor Mr. Lupton are specially marked out in the public mind as defenders of those principles."

Of the latter sentence, so far as it refers to myself, I do not much complain, because I do not think the public mind takes much notice of me; but I do not know which sentence of my letter which appeared in your issue of September 2nd your correspondent can twist into an attack on any principle of civil liberty. I do not think I enunciated any principle, or attacked any principle, or tried to hold myself up as an authority in favor of or against any system dealing with civil liberty. I went so far—at the beginning of the letter—as to admit that there were “many arguments in favor of letting people alone,” as advocated by the late Mr. Auberon Herbert, who, I think, was opposed to having Government troops or Government police; but I did not venture to utter any opinion of my own on any point, except in the concluding sentence, where I did express the opinion that I was “inclined to think that either the law should stand entirely on one side, or should do its best to enforce its edicts.” I expressed no opinion as to which course was the better one.

With regard to the charge of “scolding,” I would ask “Anti-Humbag” to point out which sentence of my letter can be said to justify that word. So far as I understand language, I found not the slightest fault with anybody. I did not utter a criticism. I ventured to suggest that “the interference of the law, supported by the police and military, is generally sufficient to give the strikers a fairly free hand in stopping the employers’ business.”

I very much object to being accused of “scolding.” I have not even ventured to criticise adversely the action of any person, party, or combination. I did try to defend the Government from some attacks which I thought were founded on a partial view of all the circumstances which the Government must take into account.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

September 11th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The railway strike has so curiously affected Mr. Cunninghame Graham that, in last week’s NATION, he seeks to excuse the obviously thoughtless speeches of the extreme labor leaders by saying that they only expressed the hope that labor would enjoy a greater share of the wealth it creates.

Does Mr. Cunninghame Graham really believe absolutely the Karl Marx doctrine when he says this? Does he not realise that labor only amasses wealth when other factors are also present? What place does he assign to ability, enterprise, organisation, and a strong Government—which ensures peace—in the creation of wealth?

If I follow this Karl-Graham doctrine correctly, all legislation comes from engine-drivers, for by means of engine-drivers all legislators come to London.

Surely we can still keep a clear head, even when such an important matter as raising the wage of underpaid labor is concerned.—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL B. ANDREWS.

Le Pigantier, East Sheen.

September 12th, 1911.

THE FINANCE OF HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article on this subject, you quote Professor Oldham’s conclusion “that the expenditure for the purposes of civil government in Ireland is now just about double what a normal expenditure in Ireland ought to be.” I do not know what Mr. Oldham means by “normal.” Does he mean what the cost of government should be were the last two or three centuries blotted out: what it would have been had King James II. been allowed to set up a separate and independent kingdom here in 1689? If he means this, of course his statement is merely a bit of guesswork, based on an “if.” If, on the other hand, he means that the cost of government is double what it ought to be, having regard to the course of history, and the resulting economic position of the country, I think that Mr. Oldham’s statement is exaggerated and untenable. To test his statement, I would ask him to give some details showing how he would cut down expenditure, so as to bring it to his limit of 5½ millions. The main increases in expenditure to which he

draws attention are in such matters as Old Age Pensions, which are accountable for £2,400,000 a year. Would Mr. Oldham abolish these? The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction costs about £400,000 a year. Would Mr. Oldham stop or limit the very beneficial work of this Department? The Congested Districts Board absorbs £250,000 a year. Mr. Oldham would hardly propose to interfere with this work. The Land Commission Vote takes £400,000 a year. The greater part of this is for the bonuses on land purchase, which has enabled land sales to take place. Surely no one who understands the situation in Ireland would dream of interfering with this expenditure. The great cost of local government in Ireland is largely due to the Laborers’ Cottages Acts. Would Mr. Oldham repeal this legislation? And so on. If Mr. Oldham would stop all these great beneficent works of administration he will have no difficulty in bringing down the cost of government; but I would like to know what reception he will get from the Irish people for his proposals. We all know that a few hundred thousand pounds can eventually be cut off the cost of administering Irish government by reducing the judges and police; but such economies will not by any process of pruning bring down the cost to Professor Oldham’s figure.—Yours, &c.,

AN ADMINISTRATOR.

September 12th, 1911.

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING AT THE ANTIPODES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may be remembered that New Zealand and Australia are this year beginning to enforce military training upon all boys from twelve years of age upwards.

The first six months were given for voluntary enrolment; with July came the application of compulsion, so dearly desired by our National Service League here at home. The newspapers now coming to hand are instructive reading for any who have a thought of going to the Antipodes to live and bring up children.

In New Zealand, about 13,000 out of 71,000 lads failed to register in the appointed period. Many of these, doubtless, were merely negligent, some were true shirkers; but some were children of fathers who have a deep conscientious objection to have any lot or part in the antiquated and barbarous system of war. Let us see the result in cases where, be it noted, those concerned are *not* connected with “Friends.”

Re Thompson, at Nelson, July 22nd.—The magistrate said that the father had no standing. It was the boy he had to deal with. It would be absurd if the statutes of the country were to be set aside in that way. The boy must choose between his father and the law; and the law had the first claim. The boy was fined £5, and the father, who pleaded conscientious scruples against military service, said the boy would leave the country, which he has since done.

Re Cornish, at Wellington.—The boy objected to compulsory military training, because he had conscientious objections. Fined £4 or twenty-one days. This lad steadfastly refused to allow the fine to be paid, and went to prison. The father writes to the “Wellington Evening Post” to say that he was allowed no opportunity to state his case as parent.

Australia appears to be moving more deliberately, and actual prosecutions have not yet come to my notice. But a friend of mine—a doctor from one of the large cities of the North of England—who sails this week on a prolonged visit to that land, had thought of taking his son with him, and entering him for study at some of the colleges there. Hearing of these new laws, he consulted the High Commissioner for Australia, and was told that after six months’ residence in that land the boy would have to register and undergo military training. So, as the father objects to the un-Christian teaching of preparation for manslaughter, the boy remains in England.

A deputation of “Friends,” who were received by the acting Minister of Defence for New Zealand recently, warned him that the enforcement of this compulsory service would probably lead to “Friends” leaving the country. I heard the other day of a family who were intending removal from the North of England to New Zealand, but have gone to Canada

instead, on the score of this oppressive law. That will be the natural course which lovers of peace must follow, to the great loss of Australasia.

In the past many of us hoped for a great future in store for Australia and New Zealand. But success cannot be built upon violation of religious freedom and on deliberate undermining of parental control.—Yours, &c.,

WM. HENRY F. ALEXANDER.

110, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

September 12th, 1911.

HIGHER WAGES AND BETTER TRADE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money's theory as to the relation between higher wages and increased trade raises wider issues than those of pure economics. If I understand the theory aright, it is that an increased wages scale must result in an expanded demand for commodities, since those who receive the higher wage will spend it in the purchase of articles they could not otherwise command. What assurance is there that such expenditure must result?

When the "bare subsistence" point of spending has been passed, further expenditure will be determined by those forces which make up personal character. There are those to whom "saving" is a passion. I do not cite the enormous returns of savings banks in proof of this, for it is notorious that some of these concerns do a large ordinary banking business, and figures quoted from such returns as proof of "savings" would be fallacious. Still, the severely thrifty person is a factor in the problem, for his "increases" will be a sacrifice to his passion for saving against "a rainy day." It is only indirectly, then, that an increase so used will increase the demand for commodities. But, unfortunately, another class of person has to be considered; though, in doing so, one risks a certain measure of unpopularity. But wasteful and purely unproductive expenditure is a deplorable fact in the lives of rich and poor alike. There are large numbers of men who, out of a wage of 25s. a week, will spend 5s. on purely personal pleasures, leaving the wife with a problem of kitchen finance that would floor even our present brilliant Chancellor. Is there not ground for fearing that increased wages may be largely spent in "outings," and even less desirable methods? The experience of head-teachers in the elementary schools of industrial towns would reveal a disturbing state of affairs on this matter. The point is that the use of increased resources will not necessarily be in the direction of a demand for increased commodities. In fine, I put it that the type of personal character determines expenditure when once the bare subsistence point has been passed. Mr. Money's theory, if I have rightly seized it, makes expenditure of wages—small or great—a purely economic matter. Is not this the resurrection of the "bare economic man," who, as we all nowadays admit, is the Mrs. Harris of economic theory? No one in these lands knows so well as Mr. Money that "no such a person" exists.—Yours, &c.,

R. ROBERTS.

Bradford.

September 9th, 1911.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

SIR,—I wonder whether you will permit me to put before your readers a view of the Anglo-German case as it was put to me by an Anglo-German of some intellectual eminence, but whom I do not wish to name?

My friend is a Teuton of Austrian birth, but long resident in England, and thoroughly English in his sympathies. He said, firstly: Have in mind that the German population is rapidly increasing, ever pressing with greater force upon its means of subsistence. Agree with me that this pressure can be relieved only in two ways—by colonisation, or by such increase of efficiency in the productive effort as will serve to support a larger population. Note that the latter, as much as the former, predicates world politics, for only by a large volume of foreign trade can production be, or become, highly efficient. Then, take a map of the world and study the position relatively of Germany and England. There is the English Channel, through which all German shipping must pass, unless it take the long and dangerous

course to the north of Scotland—it is open to Germany only at England's pleasure. The passage of the Straits of Gibraltar is dependent upon England's goodwill. Supposing these passed, there is the fortified position of Malta to bar the way. Supposing that (and the others) passed, the Suez Canal is, to all intents, English, and the Red Sea scarcely less so. Let all of these be passed, and English India has to be "circumnavigated." This done, the Straits of Malacca would have to be forced—and on the other side of the world Germany then finds England allied with Japan, in a position of naval strength, of course, overwhelming.

There still remains to consider the most important strategical position on the globe—South Africa. That is German ethnologically—which does not count—but British politically, which does.

As regards colonies, the South American Continent would be a splendid field for German adventure, to the great gain of the whole of civilisation, were it not closed to her by the Monroe doctrine of the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is useless to point out to a patriotic German that the world is still big enough for him if he will but "hoe other people's plots." He wants his own, for he thinks the German way as good as most. Nor does he like the idea that the world-wide commerce he sees essential to him, is only possible, England permitting. That he thinks—may we excuse him?—is giving too big a hostage to England for his general good behavior.

That is the argument; I give it as it was given me. If my Teutonic friend be right, can anyone doubt that Germany will not rest content until she is in a position to challenge our supremacy; that the balance appears to her to lean very much to our side—at the present time? When Germany can challenge England, will the international position be more stable? Surely it needs much optimism to think so.

That the people of Germany would not willingly fight the English, any more than the English have any wish to fight them, is an assurance that may be accepted with whole-hearted enthusiasm. It is very encouraging; but it is rather beside the point. Germany's relatively rapid rate of increase is not necessarily a danger to us—far from that—but it should be a danger signal; for one of Nature's ways of redressing the balance of over-population (with famine and pestilence) is war. That is the fundamental fact with which we have to reckon. If that fact does not justify the heading of this correspondence, let it be dismissed as unjustifiable.—Yours, &c.,

G. T. HOWLAND.

60, Gleneagle Road, Streatham, S.W.

September 10th, 1911.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am anxious to place before the readers of *THE NATION* some suggestions whereby, I believe, the interests of small cultivators, and would-be small cultivators, can be considerably forwarded.

During the last three-and-a-half years it has been my duty to visit scores of villages in the Midlands and Lancashire and Cheshire. I have made on the spot careful inquiries into the requirements of the villages, and have listened to many a sad tale. I have replied to hundreds of letters from different parts of England, which sought advice and help, and have carefully watched in every county in England and Wales the progress of the administration of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act.

What can be done—what ought to be done for the villagers? Let me take one case. At the end of 1910, the Small Holdings Commissioners reported that in Hampshire there were 325 individuals and one association on the books of the County Council as approved applicants, for whom land had not been acquired, or agreed to be acquired. In August of this year, the Small Holdings Committee of the Hants County Council reported that there were still 325 individuals and one association, asking for 4,599 acres, on the books as unsatisfied applicants. In addition to these, at the end of 1910, 186 individuals were returned as unsatisfied applicants for allotments in the county. Here we have 511 men for whom, assuming their suitability, land must

be found, and when to these we add existing small holders, we have a very large number of men in Hampshire who require help. What help do they want? They require to be helped to learn how co-operation will assist them in ascertaining and presenting their practical demand for land until satisfaction, and in holding, managing, and cultivating whatever land they acquire.

How can this best be done? I say deliberately that, however much London Boards, Commissions, and societies may try, and however much County Council officials may attempt to do, the work will not be completely done until Hampshire small holders and applicants for land get so closely organised as to be strong enough to help in working out their own economic salvation—and they can do this. I do not suggest numerous co-operative small holders' societies affiliated to this or that London association, with a very feeble and unorganised voice in shaping the policy of such association; but, if possible, a county organisation or an organisation for each of the Parliamentary divisions. This is possible. We are doing it in the Rugby Division of Warwickshire and in West Worcestershire; it is done in North Berks, and it can be done in Hampshire.

Such societies can act as principal tenants of all land acquired. They, through their officials, can negotiate with any authority or person; and, when London organisations meet, their representatives can go up, not as representing the little co-operative society of Dingley Dell or Muggleton, but speaking in the name of all the small holders and allotment holders of a Parliamentary division or county.

I want to see Hampshire small holders organised—sitting in conclave, discussing and working for their own interests and in the general interests of the community of which they form an important part.

Just one other matter in conclusion. We are to have scientific agricultural education, and the breed of horses is to be looked after—good things in their way—and necessary to a very great extent as part of a practical policy of development; but I, for one, believe that agricultural development should commence in developing the housing comforts of the villagers. I wonder what the Hampshire men think? They can say if only they are well organised. Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STREETLY.

(Organising Lecturer of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association.)

55, Temple Row, Birmingham.
September 9th, 1911.

NATIONAL RAILWAY CONTROL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In future the position of British railways as absolutely private undertakings can never be exactly the same. Sectional and individual control has broken down; Government has intervened, and it must intervene yet again. The recent strike brought home to the public, in a way nothing else could, the fact that our modern civilisation is utterly dependent upon the railways for existence. And the present Ministry have apparently made up their minds that railways are something more than mere private concerns, to be controlled and worked solely for private purposes. In other words, the public weal stands before private interests, even though those interests are represented by such a colossal capital as £1,500,000,000.

This being so, it seems to me that there can be only one result—viz., that the nation, as represented by the Government, must step in and acquire, for national purposes, the entire management and control of this vast and necessary part of our national life. We may perhaps be able to do without even posts, telegraphs, telephones, &c., but it is certain we cannot dispense with railways for even a single day without bringing the whole fabric of society to an abrupt and disastrous standstill. And to leave such a vast responsibility in the hands of a few men not influenced by national needs is neither wise, politically, morally, nor socially.

For a commercial community to survive nowadays, it must be highly, and even scientifically, organised; and it is as certain as anything can be that our railways will now have to be taken in hand on this basis, and organised for the commercial and social benefit of the country as a whole.

In organisation lies expansion, success, life; without it is failure, decay, extinction. Our railways, worked as they are at present by a number of different companies, controlled by numerous directors, with their managers, secretaries, engineers, and superintendents, represent the very antithesis of a well-arranged, co-ordinated adjunct, adjusted to our ever-growing needs.—Yours, &c.,

G. E. WHITROD.

10, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.

THE SECOND CHAMBER AND THE PERMANENT MIND OF THE NATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—I read with keen sympathy and thankfulness the plea of your correspondent, Mr. Ashbee, that in a reconstructed House of Lords, framed to represent "the permanent mind of the nation," some corner may be found for that idealism which has vanished from English politics, but without which peoples, like individuals, are as the beasts that perish. Simultaneously, a paragraph in a recent anti-suffrage article flashed across my mind. In it the writer, after bitterly complaining that some adult suffrage league had been unable to scrape together a bare thousand pounds, remarks that one single Woman Suffrage Society had easily raised £100,000, and adduces this as proof that the cause of "Votes for Women" is run by "a small and wealthy clique." The "Times" not long ago advanced a similar theory; thereupon the treasurer of the society in question forwarded the balance-sheet of the last two years, showing that the mainspring of its income is a constant influx of the shillings and sixpences of piteously unwealthy people, and received a courteous apology from the editor in reply.

The connection, in my mind, between the letter in THE NATION and that other article is this: Woman Suffrage is, in its essence, the cry of idealism buried alive under that "rubbish of centuries" to which your correspondent refers, but indestructible. It is for this reason that women, quicker than men to perceive spiritual issues, are strong to fight their battle to a finish; it is for this reason that every soul who once understands, even dimly, what is at stake, gives to this cause as he or she never gave before. The small subscriptions that wrung an apologetic letter from a sceptical journalist are as little astonishing as the raising of £9,000 in ten minutes at an Albert Hall meeting last year—a feat unthinkable, of course, but for the generosity of the rich.

Do you remember what that meeting was? A declaration of war, a promise implied, if not defined, and most nobly redeemed some days later, that a few women, standing for us all, were again prepared to face prison, suffering, and possible death (which, indeed, resulted in two cases), for the sake of that particular form of idealism called "Votes for Women," which, as surely as one sex differs from the other, will let loose a new fashioning and guiding force in the world.

I wonder if Mr. Ashbee is a Suffragist; if not, I can fancy him and others who realise that political immorality is undermining our national health, and who passionately desire better things, staring in scornful surprise at what will seem to them a preposterous claim. Yet it is based on a truth as old as the hills. Everyone can guess what family life would be without the direct influence of women, and in these days the State is a large family. Can men believe that, when women are represented, the education of the young, the conditions of female labor, and its intimate connection with prostitution, the blatant unscrupulousness of the political conscience, the calm cynicism of the party system, will remain unaffected? To take this latter point alone, of late much under discussion: do not men foresee that women will always care more for principles than party, for the character and record of a representative rather than his qualification as a pawn on the party chessboard? Is it possible to doubt that matters too "difficult," too "delicate," too "complicated," too "untimely," for the men who should be the guardians of morality—I mean the Church—to tackle, things such as the white slave traffic, for instance, will be dealt with and swept off the face of the land by women, as soon as the weapon is in their hands?

If anyone who fancies this is a prejudiced and feminine

point of view cares to learn what men who count think about it all (and also, incidentally, to read some of the finest pages of English writing our time, I think, has produced), let him send 1½d. to the Woman's Press, 156, Charing-Cross Road, and ask for "My Faith in Woman Suffrage," by John Masfield. He will then understand why I say, without pointing out whence the oppositional spirit often derives, that Woman Suffrage not only stands for idealism, but by the very fact of its existence as a Cause has already given back to us a treasure we were in danger of losing; that is, belief in the power of a great idea.—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL SMYTH, Mus. Doc.

Coign, Woking.

THE VIRILE POET.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your earnest and forcible article pleading for a poetry of greater grit and virility is so opportune that a word of criticism will perhaps appear capacious. Your critic is surely right when he says that his protest against the mass of modern verse is made in the name of poetry itself. By asking for virility we are only asking for a more powerful imagination, the strong confident flight instead of the present drowsy flutter among the rose-leaves. That, I imagine, and not a mere limitation of the poet's subject-matter, is the real aim of his plea.

Yet the writer seems to take the opposite view in more than one place, though his meaning is not very clear. One feels that there must be error or confusion somewhere when one finds him dismissing the magical opening of Keats's great Ode as a piece of querulous sentiment. And what is the meaning of his attack on the romantic and the transcendental?

Is not the explanation that the writer has unconsciously changed his plea for virility to one for reality in poetry? But the two words, as he uses the second, have no interconnection. It is surely superficial, as well as glaringly unphilosophical, to speak of the strange emotions, the half-grasped visions, the half-revealed beauties and secresies, whether of Keats or Blake, Coleridge or Yeats, as though they were "unreal"! Nothing need be unreal because it is vague, devoid of significance because not wholly understood. And why of all words should "windiness" be taken as a name for ineffective trifling?

All would agree that poetry must concern itself with "the larger life of man," but the suggested combination of "experience, thought, and vision," helps but little. We are faced with this great fact of a recreated vision, and all we have a right to claim is that the vision should be sure and strong, and that its re-creation should make it live again. It is not surprising that all attempts have failed at vivisectioning poetry by analysis, or setting in formal terms its supposed necessary conditions or characteristics. And one feels a misgiving in applying any direct pragmatic standard to the things of the spirit. Morris was no less virile a writer than Browning, yet he deliberately cut himself loose from contemporary life and thought in his work, for he saw that to be a poet it is not necessary to be a modern. "Where there is no vision the people perish"; and are they saved by insisting that vision must have its mystery valued by the standards of their experience and thought, or tested by its relevance to the problem of life?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN HARVEY.

THE COUNTY COURT BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If it be true that "all professions are conspiracies against the laity," it is hardly surprising to find the Bar of England making a spirited protest against any suggested encroachment upon their monopolies. For the real fear of many members of the profession is that the County Court Bill will encourage the race of solicitor-advocates in tribunals where the Bar has no exclusive right of audience. To most liberal thinkers, however, it would seem that the Bar would gain rather than lose by the existence of any conditions which facilitate the prompt and cheap administration of justice, for where many come to plead and all may be heard, the trained forensic expert will score in the long run.

But surely the writer of the philippic against the General Council of the Bar in a recent issue does some considerable injustice to a body which, elected by the suffrages of all practising barristers who have an address in the Law List, contains as many members of the Junior Bar as K.C.s, and not a few of less than ten years' standing, and practically none of "the small, wealthy clique of K.C.s who desire, at all costs, to maintain the rigid, expensive ring of the High Court." Is it impossible that the Council, in forwarding a memorandum of their views to the Lord Chancellor, were thinking of their long and frequent adjournments, the inability of too many of the judges to deal consecutively with trumpery squabbles of a semi-domestic nature and an important question of mixed fact and law, involving large interests, the appalling and frequently disgusting lack of those ordinary decencies of accommodation and air space, which make even railway station waiting-rooms tolerable, the invariable absence of a library, and, in short, everything that conduces to the dignity of the administration of justice? If we are to encourage the laboring classes to litigate, let us at least give them their money's worth, or they will share the disappointment of the felon who protested at being hanged by any other than a "red" judge.

One more point. There is an extraordinary statement in your article to the effect that the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act has been rendered inoperative by certain members of the Bar who thrive on defences. This is absolutely the reverse of the truth, as may be seen if my experiences of three different localities may be accepted as accurate. At the Old Bailey it is the practice of the Court to assign solicitor and counsel free to all persons of inadequate means who have disclosed a defence at the police-court. This is done on the first day of the Sessions, and the case is put back until the prisoner's advisers are ready. At the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, the officials of the Court are careful to assign solicitor and counsel in similar circumstances before the sitting of the Court, and at all Assize Courts of the country the presiding judge constantly assigns counsel to poor prisoners who ask for this relief, and afterwards certifies that their cases are fit ones to be dealt with under the Act.

If we are to be attacked by one who is presumably also a barrister, let it be on fair issues arising from facts that have been correctly ascertained.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE SHEARMAN, JUNR.

5, Paper Buildings, Temple.

Poetry.

THE ELEMENTS.

No house of stone
Was built for me;
When the sun shines—
I am a bee.

No sooner comes
The rain so warm,
I come to light—
I am a worm.

When the winds blow,
I do not strip,
But set my sails—
I am a ship.

When lightning comes,
It plays with me
And I with it—
I am a tree.

When drowned men rise
At thunder's word,
Sings nightingale—
I am a bird.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

Reviews.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN.

"The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by Dr. A. W. WARD and A. R. WALLER. Vol. vii., "Cavalier and Puritan." (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

In the recently-issued seventh volume, entitled "Cavalier and Puritan," the Cambridge History of English Literature steps clear of the carcase of Elizabethan drama, disposed of in its fifth and sixth volumes, and continues its regular course as an armory of orthodox, sound, and commonplace opinions on the prose and poetry of the seventeenth century. It treats the history of the period as a causeway for pilgrims, which must, by repeated hammering, be made solid; it assumes as granted the proposition that the literary era which succeeded to that of Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Bacon, must be one of supreme consequence; it leaves out of account, in the interests of dogmatic orthodoxy, those arts of persuasion and perspective, by which alone, in the long run, the literary art of one age can be made acceptable to the modern focus of another. Speaking on behalf of the vast majority of quasi-educated persons, who must still disclaim the "competence" and the "prepared palate" of "anyone of decent education," to whom Professor Saintsbury so often and so drastically refers, we cannot help being struck by the sublimity with which the writers ignore the inutility (which the first of English critics was so careful to keep well in view) of criticising that which nobody reads. They write, in fact, like people who have a diploma for the preparing of palates, and a power of compelling the attention of a docile flock to writers about whom the vital interest of modern men and women could be aroused by no other conceivable means. Only in such a lofty pulpit, as it seems to us, and supremely above the possibility of a "chat-back," could such views be solemnly enunciated as that Jeremy Taylor remains a vital force in English letters—that his language is astoundingly popular and modern, that his work is, before all things, intensely practical; and that, always popular, Taylor has been, and is, "the Bunyan of the English Church." The palate that can accept this extraordinary statement, even on the authority of an archdeacon, must indeed be "carefully prepared."

The present volume of the Cambridge History, in short, like most of its predecessors, sums up the point of view of a past age at the price of slurring the present and ignoring the future. The last century has been one of exploration, in which the map of our literature has been remodelled, and large territory newly disclosed or rediscovered. Explorers invariably and inevitably exaggerate the relative importance of their respective finds. But the time comes for their tales to be discounted, and the indications are all in favor of the suggestion that in regard to our literature the time has arrived. One of the most distinctive features of the modern youth is his suspensive attitude in regard to authority. He is no longer disposed to laugh at it offensively, but he declines more and more to accept a statement as authoritative (as we were inclined to twenty years since) because So-and-so made it. On an attitude like this the assumption by criticism of a "high" demeanor produces no effect whatever, more especially as a distinct legacy of the age of evolution is an increasing desire on the part of the young student to see things in something approaching an historical perspective. Literature must see and be seen through an historical glass; and the great fact of the seventeenth century, which seems to us damagingly ignored here, is that history dominated letters. The afterglow of the Renaissance lingered to surprising purpose in Milton, but apart from that singular figure, and a few *disjecta membra* of Elizabethan melody and lyric, literature shrivelled perceptibly in the disputatious arena of civil and religious liberty. The one-sided solution arrived at in 1688-9 was an unmitigated blessing for English literature. Great as he is, Shakespeare alone can hardly constitute a great literary age, and no one else in his own period approaches within measurable distance of him.

Dazzling, therefore, as Elizabethan literature has proved to a generation of discoverers, it was in

many respects singularly defective. The orderly development of our letters had been deflected since "Tamerlane," by the astounding success of the composite or romantic drama, by an undue subserviency to foreign models, and by a positive surfeit of words to music. Narrative prose and verse upon which, as material, it was imperative for a new generation to build, was comparatively undeveloped. Elizabethan literature was, indeed, a faerie structure, with hardly any native foundation at all. The two really great periods of English writing, the third quarter of the eighteenth century and the middle third of the nineteenth, had therefore to wait for foundations, the construction of which was deferred until the seventeenth century was in its dotage. During its prime, and this is a main fact ignored here, forces more urgent than literature were driving men to introspection and devotion, to religion and to revolt. Stress was thrown upon actual rather than upon reflected life. Poetry such as Herrick's becomes an unmanly refinement in an age typified by Bunyan, Baxter, Clarendon, and the prose Milton. The more intense personal and individual note, which had begun to sound in Donne and George Herbert, in Crashaw and Walton, was dammed up, and flowed underground for a century. The Caroline lyrists and divines have still some of the iridescence of the great age of literary adventure upon them, but they are mere anthologists, selective rather than analytic, and exhaustive treatment is all that they are fit for, so that the method of triturating the already thrice-told tale of their indistinguishable merits and defects, which is adopted here, is too suggestive of a ponderous mausoleum. Dr. Brown, we are glad to perceive, has too much restraint to term Bunyan the Jeremy Taylor of the Baptists. Given his premises, Bunyan was indeed a great writer, but had he any right to such premises? Terror of a man is a failing with which we must, to some extent, sympathise, but to be so terrified by a book is superstition indeed. Whether we judge it by worldly or unworldly standards, Bunyan's Bibliolatry leaves us a little cold, and in the end we prefer such mystics as George Herbert or George Fox (Where, by the way, is this amazing diarist to be treated? We can find nothing about him in this volume!).

Professor Saintsbury is good in dealing with the antiquaries, as he somewhat whimsically entitles Browne, Fuller, Walton, and Urquhart, and unapproachable in dealing with lesser Caroline poets, two score of them, whose names and works are alike totally unfamiliar. His rigid and ultra-dogmatic treatment of Milton can scarcely be admitted to the same rubric. The susceptibilities of the ordinary reader are ruffled at once by the Professor's ostentatious manner, which pervades the volume, of regarding immortality as a kind of pilgrim's progress, in which the candidates, having crossed the dark river, await, trembling in their white robes and with their golden harps, the final award of a secular niche at the hands of a professional board of critics. Such a corporation of "classic" judges may create a few literary Struldbrugs; they never can, and never will, make a true ambrosia-fed immortal. The classics of their creation, we suspect, are mere lay figures, who will suddenly rise like the supers in "The Critic," and go in quest of a pot of black champagne, while the would-be pageant-master is left distractedly mumbling, "'nity, he would have added.'" . . . Posthumous fame for a time, at any rate, seems almost as capricious as the fame that precedes it. The ear of any age, a great sage has written, is like its land, air, and water. It seems limitless, but is really limited, and is already in the keeping, for the most part, of those who will have no squatting on such valuable property. "It is written and talked up to as closely as the means of subsistence are bred up to by a teeming population. There is not a square inch of it but is in private hands, and he who would freehold any part of it must do so by purchase, marriage, or fighting, in the usual way. The public itself has hardly more voice in the question who shall have its ear than the land has in choosing its owners. It is farmed as those who own it think most profitable to themselves. Nevertheless, it has a residuum of mulishness which the land has not, and does sometimes dispossess its tenants." Every new generation keeps the inside of the ear pretty much for its own use, yet the critics are continually finding new candidates for the increasingly limited space on the outside.

For this reason, and others, we refuse to accept many of the Professor's newly-discovered epithets for Miltonic qualities. Some of them may be true; but opinion expressed in such an arbitrary and dogmatic manner is too barbarous for an age that refuses to pin any positive statement to the rainbow beauty of what is, surely enough, a miracle of incrustation. Dull, indeed, are the chapters devoted to the political and literary criticism of the age in the present volume. Though, with Aubrey, we hail the advent of the first efficient literary gossip, it cannot be said that the age had any faculty for literary feeling or critical commentary. Mr. Spingarn has no brief. The reader will turn with zest from the beaten track of these twelve chapters to the four interesting and unhackneyed surveys which conclude the text (over one hundred and fifty pages, concluding the volume, are devoted to the careful bibliographies and exhaustive indexes, which form so important an element in the present enterprise).

The scholarship of the age is admirably depicted by Mr. Foster Watson. He shows how it was deflected from the humanism of the fifteenth to the dominant polemical purposes of the seventeenth century. Scholars learnt the antique tongues to defend the *via Anglicana*, the Bible, and the Prayer-book against Bellarmine and the Jesuits, and Catholic scholarship proved the most potent stimulus ever given to Protestant erudition. It is a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Watson does not say rather more about Savile, Selden, Twysden, Hickes, Spelman, and other legists and Saxonists, who gave in certain directions a violent twist to the speculation of the period. After a useful sketch of the work done by the grammar schools—though we are surprised to find no mention of Martin Holbeach, the popular master at Felsted, of the Cromwells, Barrow, and Wallis—we proceed to the excellent synopsis of that infant Hercules—English journalism—from the "Corantos" of Jonson's "Staple of News" to the "Mercuries" of the Civil War, and the "Intelligencers" and "Gazettes" familiar to the vision of Charles II. and Mr. Pepys. We hope that in a future instalment Mr. Williams will not shrink from the task of elucidating two of the most obscure and equivocal figures in journalistic, or any other, history—Sir Roger L'Estrange and Daniel Defoe.

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A RECONSTRUCTION OF IRISH HISTORY.

"Irish Nationality." By MRS. J. R. GREEN. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

In this volume of the "Home University Library," Mrs. Green has packed infinite issues in a little room. In 250

small pages she has outlined a Philosophy of Irish History. We have the comfort of knowing in advance that, whatever else it may be, it will be no mere vague fantasy, spun out of air. In her "Making of Ireland" she had, adding new distinction to a distinguished name, shown her capacity for that laborious collection of evidence and that scrutiny of "sources" which set the gulf between compilation and scholarship. The value of such a minute record of events can hardly be exaggerated; it is the substance of history. It furnishes a test and a field for what may be called retail honesty. But we have a need also for wholesale interpretations. Like the mathematician at the play, we are not content to see a pageant unfolded: we ask, inevitably, "Well, what does that prove?" What is the drift of it all? What wisdom is to be learned from it? Such questions impose themselves with double force in the case of a country like Ireland, the political status of which is still an unsettled controversy.

The title of Mrs. Green's book supplies her answer to these questions. Irish History is to be construed as the evolution of a nationality. The thesis is not so formally phrased as that, and, above all, it is not ridden to death; but, in our modern jargon, it "emerges" from every period. When one comes to think of it, this is precisely what Ireland has always proclaimed through her political leaders. Let us confine ourselves to the modern period, and choose instances at random. The declared dream of Grattan is to replace the idea of a Protestant colony by that of an Irish nation. Wolfe Tone confesses a like inspiration; Emmet's speech from the dock is founded on that, and on nothing else. It is the whole of Thomas Davis in thought, and of O'Connell in action. Isaac Butt yields to its fascination, and comes forth from the darkest caves of Toryism to the side of the agitators. Parnell formulates it in a speech, remembered by those who have forgotten everything else that he had to say, and the capital passage of that speech forms the inscription on his monument. It echoes and re-echoes through every resolution at every Nationalist meeting, constituting for many orators their total stock of political ideas. It is endorsed by a great and unchanging majority at every General Election. It is the ideal honored in the charter-toast of every Nationalist banquet.

There can be no doubt, then, that the existence of an Irish nationality, demanding definite political recognition, is to Ireland a reality of the mind, a spiritual fact and force. Is it also an objective fact, a reality of achievement?

With this question we reach the parting of the ways. The answer of what may be called the incurably Tory School is well known. Lord Salisbury put it with a sort of coarse straightforwardness when he spoke of the Irish as Hottentots—a race proven by the historical record to be so nasty, brutish, and obtuse to civilisation, that their claims must be dismissed with peremptory ridicule. On the other side, Irish writers, stung by such intolerable calumnies, have sometimes put too much passion and too little scholarship into their work. They have not permitted Ireland to be human. They have extended to the whole of her history those two amazingly self-righteous lines of Moore:—

On our side is virtue and Erin;
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

Mrs. Green commits no such blunder. Some account of the blackguardism of English policy in Ireland she must give; for, from Tudor times to the Penal Laws, it was unrelieved blackguardism. But her main interest has been to bring into due prominence the cultural achievements of the Irish; and the Gaelic Revival, with its great impetus to scholarship, has furnished ample material for this task. A book like Professor Kuno Meyer's "Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry," for instance, was not available when the Home Rule controversies set all the world squabbling as to whether the Irish, before the coming of the English, had been savages or saints. Put into the hands of any man who respects letters this exquisite anthology, in which Professor Meyer has captured in English the accents of what he himself calls "the earliest voice from the dawn of that European civilisation," and controversy is at an end. An art so sensitive, so delicate, so *savant*, is the flower, not only of culture, but of a long tradition. With the revelatory work of this kind, that has been either accomplished or popularised largely in our own time, at her disposal, Mrs. Green

gives us, in a very brief compass, a most suggestive history of the Irish mind. The soul—naturally European—of Ireland, with its famine for foreign learning and its faculty of nationalising everything that came from without—be it craftsmanship, architecture, law, or even religion—has never yielded its secrets more adequately. Mrs. Green's previous work has been in the field of economic research; and, popularising many of the conclusions established in "The Making of Ireland," she furnishes a most useful corrective to that rooted prejudice which regards Irish history—and, indeed, the early periods of general history—as merely a long nightmare of battle, murder, and sudden death. The truth is that Ireland has always displayed an extraordinary aptitude for commerce and industry, especially those industries which are of the nature of crafts. Whether we take the period prior to the "Conquest," that of the Revival which followed the partial fusion of the Normans and the Irish, that of Grattan—to take the three that impose themselves—we find that the moment the clouds clear a little off her political destiny, Ireland sets to work for the production of material wealth with extraordinary energy and fruitfulness. It is somewhat to be regretted that the modern period of Irish economic history has not been treated at greater length. The change in the technique of industry inaugurated by the use of steam happens to coincide almost exactly with the Act of Union. Both factors had a share in producing the decay which admittedly followed. One obvious effect of the Union was to withdraw, in the form of heavy taxation, much of the capital which, in that time of transition, was sorely needed to transform manual into machine industries. This is a simple case of highly complicated inter-actions between political and economic forces, the story of which has never been written.

As a vindication of the reality and vitality of Irish culture the volume is conclusive. But that such a vindication should be needed points to a curious state of opinion. To the impartial eye, innocent of bias, Ireland seems to have had her way with almost monotonous success. She has resumed possession of her confiscated lands, reconquered for herself religious liberty, and obtained control—at least, in great measure—of her education. In other words, she has cancelled the three great oppressions to which she was subjected. And she has maintained intact political ideals which are now on the very eve of victory. She is compromised by the fact that she was unable to expel from her shores the "Norman" invaders. That stamps her, in the view of physical-force historians, as an inferior and Hottentotish people. Of course, it does not prove anything of the kind. It points to a certain weakness, or at least looseness, of political and military organisation. Mrs. Green outlines, in a brilliant passage, that contrast between the Roman and the Gaelic ideas of a State which motives and explains the success of the invaders, and which explains also their lack of complete success. It was a conflict, to phrase the matter very briefly, between a military State and a culture State. The Normans, at that stage of their development, were specialising in war, the Irish in poetry. According to the Roman model of the former:—

"While the sovereign was supreme in the domain of force and the maintenance of order, whatever lay outside that domain—art, learning, history, and the like—was secondary matter which might be left to the people."

The Gaelic idea was wholly different.

"The law with them was the law of the people. . . . Hence they never exalted a central authority, for their law needed no such sanction. . . . The forces of union were not material but spiritual; and the life of the people consisted not in its military cohesion, but in its joint spiritual inheritance. . . ."

If this theory be well founded, it is a bad business for the Hottentot School. And it seems to be not only well founded but to have the merit of being the only theory that offers any sort of sound human explanation of the events which make up the "Conquest." We cannot sufficiently praise the temper in which Mrs. Green writes. She seeks not to exploit the past in the interest of race-hatred, but to educe from it a wisdom that may help to reconcile—on a basis of mutual respect—two nations that should never have been divided. To appreciate the value of such a temper, we have but to compare it with the party-spirit of

a publication like Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling's "School History." In point of method, Mrs. Green commits one serious blunder. She introduces most effectively quotations from historical sources, but nearly always omits the opportunity of giving a detailed reference. This deprives the quotations of much of their value, and disappoints the reader.

NAPOLÉON'S SECOND WIFE.

"An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, Duchess of Parma." By Mrs. EDITH E. CUTHELL. (Stanley Paul. Two vols. 24s. net.)

THE marriage of Marie Louise and Napoleon was a desperate thing. Napoleon himself, could he have divined but a very little of the future, would not for an instant have contemplated the Austrian alliance. As for the young bride, our sympathies of necessity go with her. Rightly did she describe herself (on the report of the faithful Méneval) as having been "cast in prey to the Minotaur." There she sat, a fresh-looking, plump, obedient German schoolgirl of eighteen, waiting to be disposed of by her father, who, if the most easy-going of monarchs, was scarcely the most considerate of parents. The man he chose for her had but just inflicted upon Austria two tremendous and humiliating defeats, and in her not very brilliant little mind she must have wondered why her innocent hand should be given him in reward.

But, as a child of the house of Hapsburg, she had already learned that she would be married when and to whom it should be pleasing to Papa Franz; and off she went to Compiègne to meet the Minotaur, having first been united to him by proxy in Vienna. Considering that the marriage was purely a piece of State policy, it resulted far more successfully than might have been anticipated. Napoleon, to be just to him, surrounded Marie Louise with every care, heaped presents on her, and did his utmost to make home happy to her in a foreign country. He took her about with him more than he had taken Josephine, honored her in public, and caressed her in private. At forty-one, despite the energies he had already burned, his vitality was still immense; and though he had indeed begun to show signs of boredom, and his humor was growing sardonic, he was genuinely charmed with his bride, and always affectionate and gentle towards her. He was doubly tender with her after she had borne him the heir of his passionate desire.

Marie Louise herself was essentially banal. All the Austrian princesses underwent a severe cramming in the schoolroom, but in her case education had done little to deepen or fortify a shallow and feeble character, and it may safely be said that she never had any understanding of Napoleon. She was neither awed nor fascinated by him. The measure of her intrinsic littleness is found in some of the first letters she wrote to her father after marriage. She tells him that she and Napoleon "suit each other perfectly"; and that "the more one gets to know him the more one appreciates and likes him." Never before had Napoleon so striven to make himself everything to a woman, and this light-souled slip of a German actually "gets to like him"!

Apart from her utter lack of imagination, the explanation is that, both in her married life and after, the man whom Marie Louise obeyed in heart was not her husband but her father. She was never in love with Napoleon, and she never escaped from the bonds of her father, behind whom stood the astute, smiling, and inflexible Metternich. Hence, when Napoleon lost his throne, Marie Louise quickly lost her concern for him; and, it must be added, her indifference extended to her infant son, in whom the father's hopes were centred. A story for which Comte d'Haussonville is responsible shows her almost worse than frivolous in a situation of national disaster:—

"I was present," says the Count, "when the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire related an anecdote which showed that the feelings of the Empress were in no way suited to the circumstances. The arrival of M. de Sainte-Aulaire was announced to Her Majesty very early in the morning, while she was still in bed. She was but half-awake when she received him, sitting at the side of the bed, with her bare feet showing from beneath the coverlet.

"Completely overcome by the gravity of the situation,

For this reason, and others, we refuse to accept many of the Professor's newly-discovered epithets for Miltonic qualities. Some of them may be true; but opinion expressed in such an arbitrary and dogmatic manner is too barbarous for an age that refuses to pin any positive statement to the rainbow beauty of what is, surely enough, a miracle of incrustation. Dull, indeed, are the chapters devoted to the political and literary criticism of the age in the present volume. Though, with Aubrey, we hail the advent of the first efficient literary gossip, it cannot be said that the age had any faculty for literary feeling or critical commentary. Mr. Spingarn has no brief. The reader will turn with zest from the beaten track of these twelve chapters to the four interesting and unhackneyed surveys which conclude the text (over one hundred and fifty pages, concluding the volume, are devoted to the careful bibliographies and exhaustive indexes, which form so important an element in the present enterprise).

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"Irish Nationality." By MRS. J. R. GREEN. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

In this volume of the "Home University Library," Mrs. Green has packed infinite issues in a little room. In 250

small pages she has outlined a Philosophy of Irish History. We have the comfort of knowing in advance that, whatever else it may be, it will be no mere vague fantasy, spun out of air. In her "Making of Ireland" she had, adding new distinction to a distinguished name, shown her capacity for that laborious collection of evidence and that scrutiny of "sources" which set the gulf between compilation and scholarship. The value of such a minute record of events can hardly be exaggerated; it is the substance of history. It furnishes a test and a field for what may be called retail honesty. But we have a need also for wholesale interpretations. Like the mathematician at the play, we are not content to see a pageant unfolded: we ask, inevitably, "Well, what does that prove?" What is the drift of it all? What wisdom is to be learned from it? Such questions impose themselves with double force in the case of a country like Ireland, the political status of which is still an unsettled controversy.

The title of Mrs. Green's book supplies her answer to these questions. Irish History is to be construed as the evolution of a nationality. The thesis is not so formally phrased as that, and, above all, it is not ridden to death; but, in our modern jargon, it "emerges" from every period. When one comes to think of it, this is precisely what Ireland has always proclaimed through her political leaders. Let us confine ourselves to the modern period, and choose instances at random. The declared dream of Grattan is to replace the idea of a Protestant colony by that of an Irish nation. Wolfe Tone confesses a like inspiration; Emmet's speech from the dock is founded on that, and on nothing else. It is the whole of Thomas Davis in thought, and of O'Connell in action. Isaac Butt yields to its fascination, and comes forth from the darkest caves of Toryism to the side of the agitators. Parnell formulates it in a speech, remembered by those who have forgotten everything else that he had to say, and the capital passage of that speech forms the inscription on his monument. It echoes and re-echoes through every resolution at every Nationalist meeting, constituting for many orators their total stock of political ideas. It is endorsed by a great and unchanging majority at every General Election. It is the ideal honored in the charter-toast of every Nationalist banquet.

There can be no doubt, then, that the existence of an Irish nationality, demanding definite political recognition, is to Ireland a reality of the mind, a spiritual fact and force. Is it also an objective fact, a reality of achievement?

With this question we reach the parting of the ways. The answer of what may be called the incurably Tory School is well known. Lord Salisbury put it with a sort of coarse straightforwardness when he spoke of the Irish as Hottentots—a race proven by the historical record to be so nasty, brutish, and obtuse to civilisation, that their claims must be dismissed with peremptory ridicule. On the other side, Irish writers, stung by such intolerable calumnies, have sometimes put too much passion and too little scholarship into their work. They have not permitted Ireland to be human. They have extended to the whole of her history those two amazingly self-righteous lines of Moore:—

On our side is virtue and Erin;
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

Mrs. Green commits no such blunder. Some account of the blackguardism of English policy in Ireland she must give; for, from Tudor times to the Penal Laws, it was unrelieved blackguardism. But her main interest has been to bring into due prominence the cultural achievements of the Irish; and the Gaelic Revival, with its great impetus to scholarship, has furnished ample material for this task. A book like Professor Kuno Meyer's "Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry," for instance, was not available when the Home Rule controversies set all the world squabbling as to whether the Irish, before the coming of the English, had been savages or saints. Put into the hands of any man who respects letters this exquisite anthology, in which Professor Meyer has captured in English the accents of what he himself calls "the earliest voice from the dawn of that European civilisation," and controversy is at an end. An art so sensitive, so delicate, so *savant*, is the flower, not only of culture, but of a long tradition. With the revelatory work of this kind, that has been either accomplished or popularised largely in our own time, at her disposal, Mrs. Green

gives us, in a very brief compass, a most suggestive history of the Irish mind. The soul—naturally European—of Ireland, with its famine for foreign learning and its faculty of nationalising everything that came from without—be it craftsmanship, architecture, law, or even religion—has never yielded its secrets more adequately. Mrs. Green's previous work has been in the field of economic research; and, popularising many of the conclusions established in "The Making of Ireland," she furnishes a most useful corrective to that rooted prejudice which regards Irish history—and, indeed, the early periods of general history—as merely a long nightmare of battle, murder, and sudden death. The truth is that Ireland has always displayed an extraordinary aptitude for commerce and industry, especially those industries which are of the nature of crafts. Whether we take the period prior to the "Conquest," that of the Revival which followed the partial fusion of the Normans and the Irish, that of Grattan—to take the three that impose themselves—we find that the moment the clouds clear a little off her political destiny, Ireland sets to work for the production of material wealth with extraordinary energy and fruitfulness. It is somewhat to be regretted that the modern period of Irish economic history has not been treated at greater length. The change in the technique of industry inaugurated by the use of steam happens to coincide almost exactly with the Act of Union. Both factors had a share in producing the decay which admittedly followed. One obvious effect of the Union was to withdraw, in the form of heavy taxation, much of the capital which, in that time of transition, was sorely needed to transform manual into machine industries. This is a simple case of highly complicated inter-actions between political and economic forces, the story of which has never been written.

As a vindication of the reality and vitality of Irish culture the volume is conclusive. But that such a vindication should be needed points to a curious state of opinion. To the impartial eye, innocent of bias, Ireland seems to have had her way with almost monotonous success. She has resumed possession of her confiscated lands, reconquered for herself religious liberty, and obtained control—at least, in great measure—of her education. In other words, she has cancelled the three great oppressions to which she was subjected. And she has maintained intact political ideals which are now on the very eve of victory. She is compromised by the fact that she was unable to expel from her shores the "Norman" invaders. That stamps her, in the view of physical-force historians, as an inferior and Hottentotish people. Of course, it does not prove anything of the kind. It points to a certain weakness, or at least looseness, of political and military organisation. Mrs. Green outlines, in a brilliant passage, that contrast between the Roman and the Gaelic ideas of a State which motives and explains the success of the invaders, and which explains also their lack of complete success. It was a conflict, to phrase the matter very briefly, between a military State and a culture State. The Normans, at that stage of their development, were specialising in war, the Irish in poetry. According to the Roman model of the former:—

"While the sovereign was supreme in the domain of force and the maintenance of order, whatever lay outside that domain—art, learning, history, and the like—was secondary matter which might be left to the people."

The Gaelic idea was wholly different.

"The law with them was the law of the people. . . . Hence they never exalted a central authority, for their law needed no such sanction. . . . The forces of union were not material but spiritual; and the life of the people consisted not in its military cohesion, but in its joint spiritual inheritance. . . ."

If this theory be well founded, it is a bad business for the Hottentot School. And it seems to be not only well founded but to have the merit of being the only theory that offers any sort of sound human explanation of the events which make up the "Conquest." We cannot sufficiently praise the temper in which Mrs. Green writes. She seeks not to exploit the past in the interest of race-hatred, but to educe from it a wisdom that may help to reconcile—on a basis of mutual respect—two nations that should never have been divided. To appreciate the value of such a temper, we have but to compare it with the party-spirit of

a publication like Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling's "School History." In point of method, Mrs. Green commits one serious blunder. She introduces most effectively quotations from historical sources, but nearly always omits the opportunity of giving a detailed reference. This deprives the quotations of much of their value, and disappoints the reader.

NAPOLEON'S SECOND WIFE.

"An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, Duchess of Parma."
By Mrs. EDITH E. CUTHELL. (Stanley Paul. Two vols. 24s. net.)

THE marriage of Marie Louise and Napoleon was a desperate thing. Napoleon himself, could he have divined but a very little of the future, would not for an instant have contemplated the Austrian alliance. As for the young bride, our sympathies of necessity go with her. Rightly did she describe herself (on the report of the faithful Méneval) as having been "cast in prey to the Minotaur." There she sat, a fresh-looking, plump, obedient German schoolgirl of eighteen, waiting to be disposed of by her father, who, if the most easy-going of monarchs, was scarcely the most considerate of parents. The man he chose for her had but just inflicted upon Austria two tremendous and humiliating defeats, and in her not very brilliant little mind she must have wondered why her innocent hand should be given him in reward.

But, as a child of the house of Hapsburg, she had already learned that she would be married when and to whom it should be pleasing to Papa Franz; and off she went to Compiègne to meet the Minotaur, having first been united to him by proxy in Vienna. Considering that the marriage was purely a piece of State policy, it resulted far more successfully than might have been anticipated. Napoleon, to be just to him, surrounded Marie Louise with every care, heaped presents on her, and did his utmost to make home happy to her in a foreign country. He took her about with him more than he had taken Josephine, honored her in public, and caressed her in private. At forty-one, despite the energies he had already burned, his vitality was still immense; and though he had indeed begun to show signs of boredom, and his humor was growing sardonic, he was genuinely charmed with his bride, and always affectionate and gentle towards her. He was doubly tender with her after she had borne him the heir of his passionate desire.

Marie Louise herself was essentially banal. All the Austrian princesses underwent a severe cramming in the schoolroom, but in her case education had done little to deepen or fortify a shallow and feeble character, and it may safely be said that she never had any understanding of Napoleon. She was neither awed nor fascinated by him. The measure of her intrinsic littleness is found in some of the first letters she wrote to her father after marriage. She tells him that she and Napoleon "suit each other perfectly"; and that "the more one gets to know him the more one appreciates and likes him." Never before had Napoleon so striven to make himself everything to a woman, and this light-souled slip of a German actually "gets to like him"!

Apart from her utter lack of imagination, the explanation is that, both in her married life and after, the man whom Marie Louise obeyed in heart was not her husband but her father. She was never in love with Napoleon, and she never escaped from the bonds of her father, behind whom stood the astute, smiling, and inflexible Metternich. Hence, when Napoleon lost his throne, Marie Louise quickly lost her concern for him; and, it must be added, her indifference extended to her infant son, in whom the father's hopes were centred. A story for which Comte d'Haussonville is responsible shows her almost worse than frivolous in a situation of national disaster:—

"I was present," says the Count, "when the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire related an anecdote which showed that the feelings of the Empress were in no way suited to the circumstances. The arrival of M. de Sainte-Aulaire was announced to Her Majesty very early in the morning, while she was still in bed. She was but half-awake when she received him, sitting at the side of the bed, with her bare feet showing from beneath the coverlet.

"Completely overcome by the gravity of the situation,

for the letter of which he was the bearer not only brought the news of the fall of the Empire, but also that of Napoleon's attempted suicide at Fontainebleau, M. de Sainte-Aulaire stood with his eyes cast down, anxious to appear unconscious of the effect produced on the Empress by this sad intelligence: 'Ah! you are looking at my feet,' she exclaimed, 'I am always being told how pretty they are.'

We can scarcely be surprised that the French have cherished bitter feelings against the second wife of Napoleon. But, as history knows, there was worse to come. There was the liaison (followed, when circumstances permitted, by a morganatic marriage) with the Count de Neipperg. Here again, however, we must pause to note that the dethroned Empress (now not much above three-and-twenty) was once more, in a measure, the victim of a plot. Napoleon, as Mrs. Cuthell says,

"had wrapped his young wife round with every conceivable precaution, lest her innocence should be sullied by contact with courtiers of a world and an epoch notable for its immorality. Her father chose for her intimate counsellor"—when the Allies had bestowed on her the Duchy of Parma—"a man of most disreputable private life."

For, as M. Max Billard says, (in "The Marriage Ventures of Marie Louise"), Neipperg could have given lessons in gallantry to Don Juan himself, "and no conceivable Lovelace would have been his equal where women's hearts were concerned." He had already carried off one wife from her husband, and is said to have boasted that in six months he would be the lover of Marie Louise. Yet he was now an ugly, one-eyed, middle-aged man, gifted enough, to be sure; a *roué* of a calculating intellect, very fluent and ingratiating; a soldier, a diplomatist, a creature of many accomplishments—reminding us not a little of our own Jack Wilkes. It is difficult not to believe that Neipperg—well known to be friendly to Austria—was deliberately placed in the path of Marie Louise. Lord Holland, in a passage cited by Mrs. Cuthell, writes that the Emperor Francis

"was never gentle and benevolent. As for his daughter's marriage, one must admit the alternative, either that he consented to sacrifice his child to a cowardly policy, or that he cravenly abandoned her, and dethroned a Prince he had chosen for his son-in-law. He separated his daughter from the husband he had given her, and helped to disinherit his grandson. To obliterate from the mind of the daughter the memory of her exiled and dethroned husband, whose conduct to her had been irreproachable, they say he encouraged and even himself connived at making her unfaithful."

The one-eyed gallant, having worked his way into power, proved no bad administrator, and Parma gained something by his talents. He may have tired of Marie Louise, who was no partner for any man with brains; but he seems never to have shown himself openly indifferent, and for him she preserved such affection as she was capable of. Her third husband was the Comte de Bombelles, a man of far higher character than Neipperg, and not without a talent for affairs. The ability of these two men was reflected upon the Duchess, whose subjects came to think her both wise and good, though we may not forget that there was some amount of persecution for religion.

Having regard to the unsympathetic nature of her subject, let us say that Mrs. Cuthell has produced a very valuable book.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

"The Psychology of Education." By J. WELTON. Professor of Education in the University of Leeds. (Macmillan. 7s 6d. net.)

MR. WELTON's study of education should be known to more than those who are professionally interested in teaching. His book is most valuable and suggestive. It is a brilliant attempt to give the best results of modern thought upon the development of the mind, without recourse to the learned jargon of the schools. "Psychology" is itself an ugly word, and it is only to be hoped that such a word upon the title-page will not be an obstacle to the popularity of the book.

Psychology is no longer concerned only with the intellect. That everyone knows; but Mr. Welton brings out another point not so commonly acknowledged—it is that psychology has been hitherto individualistic. The work of Le Bon and Mr. McDougall's book on "Social Psychology"

provide valuable hints to those interested in education. Mr. Welton has put together the conclusions which seem to flow from the knowledge that the child's mind is not a separate atom, but belongs to a larger whole, whether it be that of a family or of a nation. It follows that the education of an Englishman cannot proceed along German lines. Also, and here Mr. Welton will no doubt be opposed by many, the mind differs in the two sexes. It is therefore unreasonable, he concludes, to advocate co-education, or even the training of both sexes according to the same methods. This does not mean that one sex is inferior to the other; but just as physical differences fit the man and the woman to fulfil different functions in life, so also the mind of a man is fitted for abstract thought and vague ideals, while that of a woman is better adapted for personal contact and immediate practical issues. "The boy becomes violent when opposed, the girl sulks; passive resistance is the refuge of the girl; active aggression the solace of the boy. Boys fight; girls nag." Certain it is that the development of a race does not proceed by the elimination of differences.

One of the most interesting and important changes in educational theory and practice has been the attention paid to variations of character and intellect. Our older and less democratic schools are still untroubled, of course, by modern conceptions; but no one to-day can fairly object against our trained teachers that they aim at producing a monotonous mediocrity. We cannot tell how long it will be before the untrained teachers of the upper classes begin to see that educational method can be studied and improved. With much better material to work upon than the elementary school teacher generally has, the average master at a public school is hardly ever aware of the necessity of allowing for varieties of temperament or intellect among his pupils. Therefore, we perpetuate the old folly of supposing that a conventional mediocrity is the chief sign of a gentleman. In every school, whether with or without trained teachers, Mr. Welton's chapter on "Variations" would prove valuable; for, in spite of official forms and Blue-books, the cult of statistics is surely dead. We want our new generation not to be a collection of similar specimens, but a company of individuals as diverse and varied as possible. The methods of education must therefore become more complex and subtle.

But the psychology of education is not concerned merely with the methods of teaching this or that subject. The mind, as it develops, must face new issues; and this involves not merely the use of acquired knowledge, but the presence of a high purpose. Without such a purpose, education is merely the discovery of how to make a living, and new issues and new problems sway the mind, now this way, now that. Nothing is fairly faced, and everything is judged by its money value. Thus a generation might be produced with all the skill for gaining the means of life, and no conception whatever of a life worth living. The finest task, therefore, that the teacher has to perform is in giving to his pupils the possibility of a high purpose in their lives. Mr. Welton has written an admirably sane chapter on "Ideals." Virtue is so often a theme for rhetorical phrasing or vague platitudes that we must be thankful for an imaginative and, at the same time, definite treatment of the problem. Of course, the inculcation of moral truths is no true method of educating in ideals; although even that is better than the detailing of the geography of Palestine, which so often passes for "religious instruction." "The school into which religion enters does more by a spirit of reverence, by common worship, by the unostentatious religion of the teachers, than by set lessons to cultivate a religious attitude of mind." Mr. Welton attributes great value in this matter to the influence of surroundings. A school in a town will, therefore, have the difficult task of correcting its immediate surroundings, or creating a special environment for its pupils, at least within the school-room. Beauty of color, form, and sound, do more perhaps for the formation of a fine conception of life than any theorising or learning can do. The emotional appreciation of a fine life, the gaining of a taste for noble things, is now recognised to be the true purpose of education, and not the barely intellectual knowledge of a duty which remains disagreeable. And this less Puritanic view of the training of character does not involve any weakness in the

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result. We are to teach the new generation not merely to accept our ideals for the present, but how to discover new ideals for the future. Such discovery postulates freedom, indeed, but also revolution. We in England tend to be satisfied with the character of the nation if ideals are accepted and no new ideals discovered. And yet it is increasingly obvious that the ideals of the past are not adequate. The character which English education is supposed to produce is far from being above criticism. In the first place, it is never leavened by the thinking out of new ideals, and so it becomes increasingly frivolous and meaningless. "Inertia of the life of thought and activity of the life of the senses" are prevalent enough. Our public entertainments, our newspapers, and our political speeches do not generally indicate any definite, not to say noble, purpose. We often find a harshness of manner masquerading under the title of character, combined with an extreme instability of purpose. The true education should produce a generation with firm, and yet sympathetic, character. The methods by which this can be done are only now being studied; but already we have arrived at certain conclusions, and we cannot afford any longer to leave educational practice in the hands of men and women who are ignorant of the established truths in this matter. Perhaps we shall, at some future date, pay as much attention to education as we do now to military and naval necessities.

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"Margaret Harding." By PERCEVAL GIBBON. (Methuen. 6s.).

MR. PERCEVAL GIBBON, greatly daring, wrestles, in "Margaret Harding," with perhaps the most thorny of all problems—the Race Question, which bristles defiantly before the white man wherever he has colonised near the tropical zone. Mr. Gibbon, as "Souls in Bondage" and "The Vrow Grobelaar's Leading Cases" proved, knows South African life more intimately than do most of the novelists who have depicted it; and in "Margaret Harding" he reaps the reward of his plucky enterprise. The novel, which contains a series of most clever sketches of characteristic types, is one of the most penetrating contributions to its subject that we have met with. It proves nothing, but it unlocks gates kept bolted and barred by the feelings of the Europeans. There is no answer, of course, yet awhile—or, rather, the problem is working itself out with nature's multiple answers, as India, the West Indies, and North and South Africa all testify. Mr. Gibbon writes with the strategic advantage of being a practical man who has no truck with "the sentimentalists," as anyone is liable to be dubbed who shares the views of writers as liberal-minded as Sir Sydney Olivier or Sir Harry Johnston.

The criticisms that will be levelled at the novel will, we judge, centre in the statement, "Oh, but your educated Kaffir hero, Kamis, is not at all typical of South Africa." But this, we take it, is to misconstrue the author's purpose. The aim, it seems to us, is to exhibit the normal atmospheric tension through which the native question presents itself as a racial menace to the Whites. And to accomplish this, he could have created no better instrument than the exceptional figure of Kamis. Of course, the problem could, and should, be examined from the reverse point of view—i.e., Mr. Gibbon might have selected the figure of a very exceptional European, in order to set forth how the Whites appear to the eyes of typical Kaffirs. But to get one side of the position fairly and truthfully presented is a great gain, and the story at any rate turns the flank of those legions of people who desire to remain permanently entrenched in the field of their prejudices.

The situation, which is simple, presents a test-case, however exceptional it may be. An English girl, Margaret Harding, is invalided for consumption to a sanatorium on the Karoo, some hundreds of miles from Cape Town. Here she forms acquaintance with a dozen characters or so, typical, more or less, of the drifting community of Britishers who come and go in South Africa. There are Dr. Jakes, who keeps the sanatorium and is a chronic drunkard; Mrs. Jakes, whose one aim in life is "to screen him and prop him, and fool people into think-

ing she is the wife of a decent man"; young Mr. Ford and the elderly Mr. Samson, both patients and both educated and gentlemanly. Mrs. Jakes is of lower middle-class extraction, as is also Madame du Preez, an ex-actress from a touring company, who, twenty years back, when stranded in a small town, married the innocent Boer youth, Christian du Preez, and bore him a son, Paul. The du Preezes live on their farmstead hard by the sanatorium, and it is on a "return call" that Margaret hears the story from the Boer farmer of his experiences in a native war, when the old chief, Kamis, was captured and hanged by the Cape Mounted Rifles. Kamis's little three-year-old son was carried off by the Whites and sent to England and educated in London by the Government, and though Christian does not know it when he tells the story, his own son, Paul, a few weeks previously, has made friends with this "Kaffir in boots," who is none other than young Kamis, lately returned from England to visit his birthplace.

The situation develops in the shape of an instinctive friendship between the Boer lad and the highly-educated and refined Kamis, who has qualified in London as a doctor, and the latter's secret conversations with the English girl Margaret, who naturally comes to take an interest in him after having heard his unusual story. Kamis cannot speak Kaffir, and his fellow natives repudiate him as something abnormal. Their view of him is summed up in the words of the Kaffir serving-woman, Fat Mary: "Fool, that Kaffir. Talk English, an' boots! That Kaffir come again, I punch 'im." Kamis's visit to the Kraals has, however, had a sequel in a fight between a headman, who attacked him, and another who took his part; and when Van Zyl, the Dutch sub-Inspector of the Cape Mounted Police, comes across Margaret, he explains to her that "the man he wants is a wandering nigger, who comes and goes on the Karoo, dressed like a white man, and talking a sort of English."

The "wandering nigger" is vaguely suspected of being a seditious influence, and of making the natives "uneasy"; and the sub-Inspector's attitude is simply illustrative of the contemptuous hostility shown by the white community at large to the black people. Where Mr. Gibbon shows himself an artist of distinction is in absolutely natural and lifelike sketches of the Whites' instinctive tone of fear, brutality, and ill-feeling. It is shown in the first pages by a policeman's mounting rage that "a nigger" should talk long with Paul: "You don't want to let them get fresh with you. . . . I'll teach him to talk," is the tone of the guardian of the peace. It is shown in Van Zyl's words about his string of Kaffir prisoners, when Margaret has "a blurred vision of defeated, captured Kaffirs in the process of having the kick extracted from them, and the serene fair-haired sub-Inspector superintending its removal with unruffled professional calm." It is shown in the admirable description of Mrs. Jakes's venomous and bitter scorn against Margaret, when Dr. Jakes, who is lying dead drunk at night in the roadway, has to be doctored and set on his legs by the skill of Kamis, whom Margaret has called in to assist them. The story, in fact, turns on this episode, for Mrs. Jakes cannot forgive "the insult" implied in the black man being a witness of her husband's degradation; and Margaret's subsequent misfortunes are traceable to the malignant scandal the doctor's wife set going against her. When, through a piece of bad luck, Margaret is actually seen by the white scallywag of the story, "Boy Bailey"—tramp, ex-actor, and general blackguard—in conversation with "the Kaffir in boots" at the dam, and the latter is seen imprudently kissing her hand in gratitude for her sympathy, the storm bursts. Only one construction—the worst—can be placed by the scandalised Whites on such appalling and monstrous behavior; and Mr. Gibbon shows artistic skill in detailing how the scandal grows and grows, till at last Kamis commits another imprudence, and Margaret, for no crime but pure and tender sympathy, is treated as a moral leper.

The question that the reader asks himself throughout the story is whether Kamis could ever exist in the flesh as he is painted. So far as we can determine, there is no appreciable difference between a white man and this educated Kaffir. Mr. Gibbon is very likely right, and a highly-educated negro may be as refined in his soul and as well developed in moral taste and sensibility as a fine type

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was four years ago, and the holding has been increased in acreage by twenty-five per cent., perhaps a further balance-sheet is due. The present book, however, is concerned with giving a series of views of the holding as the seasons pass over it with their joys, labors, and perhaps sorrows. There is plenty of practical interest in the cultural hints and warnings that present themselves month by month, as the farmer of seven years' experience looks round his fields and tells us what he is doing with an eye to the future, and what he is reaping as the result of past prudence. Here and there his sayings will be questioned, as in the iterated statement that lucerne ought to be grown on calcareous soil. Like all legumes, it must have some lime; but on a soil of twenty per cent. lime, which is usually understood by the term "calcareous," sainfoin must take its place. The verdict of experience, too, is against Mr. Green when he says "I cannot see that it pays to spend time in chaffing hay for cows; I prefer to give it to the cattle as it comes from the stack." The hay goes so much further when it is chaffed that it very well pays for the extra labor involved, especially as in winter labor that must be paid for is apt to be idle. However, the book is mainly intended to present the pageantry of the seasons on a small holding. As such we find it most delightful reading. It contains the atmosphere of the farmyard set in an illimitable world of nature. It is a sort of prose Georgic, wherein the snows and storms of winter have as honorable a place as the hum of the bees in mid-June.

* * *

"Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." (Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. FURNIVALL played a great part in English scholarship, and it is fitting that, besides "An English Miscellany," which was presented to him on his seventy-fifth birthday, there should be some such volume of personal tribute as that now issued. It contains a biography by Mr. John Munro, and forty "Memories of F. J. Furnivall," by some of those who knew and admired him. The list of these contributors is in itself evidence of Dr. Furnivall's energy and many-sidedness. It goes without saying that in it we should find scholars like Sir Sidney Lee and Professor Dowden, whose studies were in the same field as that in which Dr. Furnivall labored. Nor is it surprising to find such Continental authorities on English literature as Professor Feuilleat, M. Jusserand, and Herr Flügel. But, to take a few names at random, we find here also Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. George Radford, Mr. Richard Whiteing, and many others, all uniting in praise of some of the many activities which Dr. Furnivall managed to crowd into his life. The record will be read with satisfaction by all who knew Dr. Furnivall personally, and with interest by the greater number who knew him only through his work or the report of friends. His leading characteristic was a marvellous energy and vitality, and this trait is well brought out by most of the writers.

* * *

"The Temple of Life: An Outline of the True Mission of Art." By ERNEST NEWLAND SMITH. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE plea of this book is much the same as that put forward in the same author's "Temple of Art." Largely it is an exposition of the thesis that Art is the handmaid of Religion—in the wider sense—and a protest both against Art for Art's sake and the debased popular Art actuated by the commercial motive. The elementary principles of human progress and the essential unity of Religion, Art, and Science are discussed in the opening chapters on "General Principles," and the author then proceeds to treat special aspects of the subject, such as "Art in its Relation to Humanity and Social Life," the "Failures of Modern Art," and "Art Pathology," concluding with the recommendation, in both cases equally sincere, of the piano-player and the National Theatre as instruments of artistic happiness. The author confines himself to generalities, but one is conscious of the knowledge of existing conditions behind them, and his argument for a worthy motive-principle in Art is conducted throughout with convincing eloquence.

The Week in the City.

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ONCE more the City has spent an anxious week. All eyes have been turned to the Morocco negotiations; and sometimes Paris, sometimes Berlin, has been a centre of hope or of despondency. So far as City opinion is concerned, there has not been the slightest sign of Jingoism, and it has been observed that even the Yellow Press confines its efforts to mischievous and mendacious messages from Paris and Berlin. Of course, there is a small section of wealthy and open-handed financiers, specially powerful with Government circles in London, as well as in Paris and Berlin, which stands to gain enormously by war, and substantially by a war scare and by friction. The contractors for armaments and war material are sleek, pleasant gentlemen, whose influence penetrates and permeates more great offices and houses than could easily be imagined. Undoubtedly Krupps and their English rivals or collaborators were much perturbed by the fear of a naval understanding between England and Germany, which would have cut off many profitable contracts. The negotiations to this end, which looked promising in June, were therefore stopped by the opportune despatch of a cruiser to Agadir. It is probable, however, that the interests of High Finance are on balance so strongly against war that the politicians will not be allowed to pass beyond the limits of diplomatic heat and friction. This fact and the hostility of the laboring classes in France and Germany to their military rulers are the two guarantees of peace upon which City men rely. But for this and for the knowledge that there is in our Cabinet a determined Peace Party, the slump in stocks during the last fortnight would have been far more disastrous. The heavy liquidation of last week in Berlin has been followed by forced sales in Paris and Brussels, chiefly due, it is said, to large instalments due on an Argentine Loan of fourteen millions, which a group of banks bought a few weeks ago and cannot dispose of. However, in spite of the military and naval movements, nervousness and timidity have been kept in check by the readiness of plucky investors to buy stocks cheap. And those who regard the risk either of a great war or of a universal strike as infinitesimal can certainly find bargains, either in the Home or the American Railway Market. Trade is still on a high level, and if only general confidence can be restored, it may go ahead once more. One other element of uncertainty is the cotton crop in the Southern States of America, but the general opinion is that Lancashire may count on a good average crop, much bigger than last year's, with raw material at a reasonable price during the next twelve months.

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